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BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

The NEXT MEETING will be held at CAMBRIDGE, commencing on WEDNESDAY, October 1, 1862, under the Presidency of

The Rev. R. WILLIS, M.A. F.R.S.,
Jacksonian Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the University of Cambridge.

The Reception Room will be at the Town Hall.

Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether or not the Author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to John Phillips, M.A. LL.D. F.R.S., Assistant General Secretary, University Museum, Oxford; or to Prof. Rabinowitz, M.A. F.R.S., Prof. Livinge, M.A., and the Rev. N. M. Ferrers, M.A., Local Secretaries, Cambridge.

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Sanskrit, Bengali and Hindi Law—J. R. Ballantyne, Esq. LL.D.
Tamil and Telugu—Thomas Howley, Esq.
Arabic and Mohammedan Law—G. W. Leitner, Esq.
Hindustani—By Professor.

English Law and Jurisprudence—James Stephen, Esq. LL.D.
Political Economy—Rev. J. E. T. Rogers, M.A.
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.— FACULTY OF MEDICINE.—Session 1862-63.—INTRO- DUCTORY LECTURE by Prof. WILSON FOX, M.D., at

2 p.m.—The SESSION will OPEN on WEDNESDAY, October 1.

The Courses of LECTURES, &c. will commence on THURSDAY, October 2. Classes in the order in which Lectures are delivered during the day:—

WINTER TERM.

Anatomy—Professor Ellis.
Anatomy and Physiology—Professor Sharpey, M.D. F.R.S.

Chemistry—Professor William FOX, M.D., at 2 p.m.
Comparative Anatomy—Professor Grant, M.D. F.R.S.

Medicine—Professor Jenner, M.D.
Physiology and Pathology—Professor Harley, M.D.
Surgery—Professor Erichsen.

Dental Surgery—Mr. G. A. Ibbetson.
Practical Anatomy.—The Pupils will be directed in their studies during several hours daily by Professor Ellis, and Mr. Berkeley Hill, M.B. F.R.C.S., Demonstrator.

SUMMER TERM.

Materia Medica—Professor Garrod, M.D. F.R.S.
Pathological Anatomy—Professor Wilson Fox, M.D.

Medical Jurisprudence—Professor Harley, M.D.
Practical Chemistry—Professor Williamson, F.R.S.
Midwifery—Professor Murphy, M.D.

Palmatology—Professor Grant, M.D. F.R.S.
Ophthalmic Medicine and Surgery—Professor T. W. Jones, F.R.S.
Botany—Professor Oliver, F.L.S.

Practical Instruction in Operative Surgery—Mr. John Marshall, F.R.S.

Analytical Chemistry—Professor Williamson, throughout the Session.

Logic, French and German Languages, Natural Philosophy, Geology and Mineralogy, according to announcement for the Faculty of Arts.

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Ophthalmic Surgeon—Mr. Wharton Jones.

Assistant Surgeon—Mr. Henry Thompson.
Assistant Ophthalmic Surgeon—Mr. J. F. Streetfield.

Medical Officer to the Skin Infirmary—Dr. Hillier.
Dental Surgery—Mr. G. A. Ibbetson.

Medical Clinical Lectures by Dr. Jenner, Dr. Garrod and Dr. Murphy, also by Dr. Reynolds, Professor of Clinical Medicine, whose special duty it is to train the Pupils in the practical study of Disease, and who gives a series of Lessons and Examinations on the physical phenomena and diagnosis of Disease, to Classes consisting of a limited number and meeting at separate hours.

Surgical Clinical Lectures, especially by Mr. Quain, and by Mr. Erichsen.

Lectures on Ophthalmic Cases by Mr. Wharton Jones.

Practical Instruction in the Application of Bandages and other Surgical Apparatus by Mr. Marshall.

Practical Pharmacy—Pupils are instructed in the Hospital Dispensary.

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Residence of Students.—Several of the Professors receive students to reside with them, and in the office of the College there is kept a register of parties, unconnected with the College, who receive board and lodging from the families of these several medical gentlemen. The register will afford information as to terms and other particulars.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the office of the College.
A. B. GARROD, M.D., Dean of the Faculty.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON. FACULTY OF ARTS AND LAWS.

SESSION 1862-63.

The SESSION will COMMENCE on TUESDAY, October 14, when Professor JOSEPH MORGAN will deliver the INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, at Three o'clock precisely.

CLASSES.

Latin—Professor Newman.
Greek—Professor Maude, A.M.

Sanskrit—Professor Goldstick.
Hebrew (Goldstick Professorship)—Professor Marks.

Arabic and Persian—Professor Rieu, Ph.D.
Hindustani—Professor Syed Abdoolah.

Bengali and Hindi Law Professor Ganeswar Mohan Tagore.
Gujarati—Professor Daddabhai Naorji.

English Language and Literature—Professor Masson, A.M.
French Language and Literature—Professor Cases, LL.D.

Italian Language and Literature—Professor de Tivoli.
German Language and Literature—Professor Heimann, Ph.D.

Comparative Grammar—Professor Key, A.M. F.R.S.
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Natural Philosophy and Astronomy—Professor Potter, A.M.
Physiology—Professor Sharpey, M.D.

Chemistry and Practical Chemistry—Prof. Williamson, F.R.S.
Civil Engineering—Professor Fox, F.R.S.

Architecture—Professor Donaldson, Ph.D. M.I.B.A.
Geology—Goldstick Professorship—Professor Morris, F.G.S.

Mineralogy—Professor Morris, F.G.S.
Drawing—Teacher, Mr. Moore.

Optics—Professor Fox, F.L.S.
Zoology (Recent and Fossil)—Professor Grant, M.D. F.R.S.

Philosophy of Mind and Logic—Professor the Rev. J. Hoppus, Ph.D. F.R.S.

Ancient and Modern History—Professor Beesly, A.M.
Political Economy—Professor Waley, A.M.

Law—Professor Russell, LL.B.
Jurisprudence—Professor Sharpey, LL.D.

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Andrews Scholarships.—In October, 1862, two Andrews Scholarships will be awarded—one of 50l. for proficiency in Latin and Greek, at one of 50l. for proficiency in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Candidates must have been, during the academical year immediately preceding, matriculated students in the College or pupils of the School.

A Joseph Hume Scholarship in Political Economy of 20l. a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December, 1862, and in December of every third year afterwards. A Ricardo Scholarship in Political Economy, of 20l. a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December, 1863, and in December of every third year afterwards. A Joseph Hume Scholarship in Jurisprudence, of 20l. a year, tenable for three years, will be awarded in December, 1864, and in December of every third year afterwards. Candidates must have been, during the academical year immediately preceding, matriculated students of the College, and must produce satisfactory evidence of having regularly attended the class on the subject of the scholarship.

J. C. Laurence Council's Prize for Law, 10l., for 1863.

Jews' Commemorative Scholarships.—A Scholarship of 15l. a year, tenable for two years, will be awarded every year to the student of the Faculty of Arts, of not more than one year's standing in the College, whatever be his religious denomination and wherever he was previously educated, and whose age when he first entered the College did not exceed 18 years, who shall be most distinguished by general proficiency and good conduct.

College Prize for English Essay, 5l., for 1863.

Latin Prose Essay Prize (Reading-room Society's Prize), 5l., for 1863.

EVENING CLASSES by the Professors, &c., above named, of the respective Classes, viz.—Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, French, Geology, Practical Chemistry, and Zoology.

Prospectuses and other particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College. The Prospectuses show the courses of instruction in the College in the subjects of the Examinations for the Civil and Military Services.

T. HEWITT KEY, A.M. F.R.S., Dean of the Faculty.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

AUGUST, 1862.

The SESSION of the FACULTY OF MEDICINE will COMMENCE on WEDNESDAY, the 1st of October.

The JUNIOR SCHOOL will OPEN on TUESDAY, the 23rd of September.

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CHARLES C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

The College Lectures in the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine will commence on Wednesday, the 1st of October; those of the Faculty of Arts, on Tuesday, the 14th of October.

AUGUST, 1862.

UNIVERSITY HALL, Gordon-square, London.—This Institution will RE-OPEN in OCTOBER

NEXT, under the superintendence of the Principal, EDWARD SPENCER BEESLY, Esq., M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford.

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AUGUST, 1862.

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TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

MINERALOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Professor TENNANT, F.G.S., will commence

a Course of Lectures on MINERALOGY, with a view to facilitate the Study of Geology, and of the Application of Mineral Substances in the Arts. The Lectures will begin on WEDNESDAY MORNING, October 8, at Nine o'clock. They will be continued on each succeeding Friday and Wednesday, at the same hour. Fee, 2s. 2d.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1862.

LITERATURE

The Horses of the Sahara; and the Manners of the Desert—[*Les Chevaux de Sahara; et les Mœurs du Désert*, par E. Daumas, Général de Division et Sénateur]. New Edition. With Commentaries by the Emir Abd-el-Kader. (Paris, Hachette; London, Trübner & Co.)

The Past and Future of Studs—[*Du Passé et de l'Avenir des Haras*, par Francisque Michel]. (Paris, Lévy Frères; London, Trübner & Co.)

WHEN Mamoun, son of Haroun-al-Raschid, was Commander of the Faithful, his Vizier said to a renowned Arabian poet, "How many books hast thou written about horses?"—"One only," the poet replied.—"And how many hast thou written, Abou-Obeida?" the Vizier asked, addressing a very copious author.—"Fifty," Abou answered.—"Get up, then," the Vizier continued; "come to this horse; tell me the names of all his parts, and point them out."—"I am not a veterinary surgeon," returned Abou-Obeida.—"And thou?" the man having authority now said to the poet.—"Whereupon," the minstrel records, "I rose, caught the horse by his forelock, named all his limbs, joints and members one after another, indicated their position with my hand, and recited all the Arab poems, maxims and proverbs in connexion with them. When I had finished, His Highness said, 'Take the horse.' I took him; and whenever I want to vex Abou-Obeida, I ride on his back to see him;"—"which shows," says Abd-el-Kader, who relates the anecdote, "that it is not always the author of the biggest book that gives the best information, and that the plan of consulting men themselves is not the worst one." In the instance of these volumes, however, the larger, that of General Daumas, has the advantage, in point of originality and richness, over its companion, which is a compiled historical review of horse-breeding in France, chiefly before the Revolution. The subject, for several years past, has occupied a great deal of official and public attention among the French. The Bonapartes are an equestrian family. Experiments have been progressing for some time at Pin and Pompadour with two studs—one of mares of pure English blood, the other of Anglo-Arab mares; and a national interest is felt in the results. France, however, has not hitherto been famous for her breeds of horses. M. Michel admits and deplors the fact. But a noble breed, he says, is nowhere of rapid growth: it took a century to produce Eclipse. In former days, the horse was a part of the feudal system; the kings of France were occasionally served at table by mounted barons. Ages ago, princes and peers sent to the markets of the East for Arabs; and a high value was set upon Oriental mules, and even asses. The Spanish breeds, also, were prized, even before the Moorish invasions of the Peninsula. Those of Germany and Hungary were celebrated by the Troubadours; that of England was little known in France until the seventeenth century. M. Michel allows that the French have adopted from the English the larger part of their equestrian vocabulary, such as *jockey* and *steeple-chase*; but he claims the word "groom," for he finds the phrase *groom de chambre* in a document of the fifteenth century! He looks back with pride to the Charlemagne and Merovingian studs; but for her cavalry France has generally depended upon foreigners, and, in a main degree, upon Spaniards. At present, she possesses about 3,000,000 horses; 350,000 colts are born annually, and one-seventh die before attaining their

fourth year. From 12,000 to 14,000 *chevaux de luxe* are annually purchased abroad, and 4,000 guineas have been paid by the French Government for an English stallion. Like General Daumas, M. Michel turns to Africa in hopes of an acclimatized breed, that shall serve not only for the race, but for the practical purposes of war. "No doubt," writes M. Petinaud, "under the influence of a climate diversely favourable, and of assiduities prodigally lavished, the horse of Oriental origin has become in England stronger, swifter on the course than in his primitive region; and he far surpasses his ancestry in the hippodrome." But here, he argues, the superiority ceases; the suppleness, the elasticity, the patience, sobriety and tenacity of the true Arab are gone.

It is by General Daumas that this true Arab is elaborately and lovingly described, among his own people, his own sands, rocks and pastures. The General passed sixteen years in Africa, was intimate with the native chiefs and head families of the tribes, collected every scrap of information within reach on his favourite topic, and has been supplied with a number of very interesting and characteristic fragments by Abd-el-Kader, who is a poet in his enthusiasm for the horse, the desert, and the tent. Abd-el-Kader, in his replies to the questions of his European friend, serenely and boldly affirms that, as God created Adam out of the clay, so he created the horse out of the wind. "That," he remarks, "is indisputable." The Creator said to the South wind, "Condense thyself." With a piece of the material thus called into existence, he made a brown or red bay horse of the Arab species—for that came first: afterwards, the mare; and then Adam and Eve. As to colour, the chieftain observes, "In localities where the ground is stony, the horses are usually grey; in those where the ground is white, the horses are, for the most part, white also. Next, he proceeds to discuss the signs by which "a noble horse, a drinker of the air," may be distinguished.

After the physical come the moral qualities of the animal. He bears no malice: besides being beautiful, he is proud, especially in battle; he is attached to his master, and prefers that none else should mount him. His habits are decent: he will not eat food left by another horse; he delights in stirring, with his hoofs, any limpid water that may be in his way: not only by hearing, sight and scent, but a particular address and intelligence, he secures the safety of his rider; with whom, when fighting, flying, or galloping only for pleasure, "he makes common cause." Well might the Prophet exclaim, "Blessed, ye daughters of the wind!"—"And now," adds the Emir, concluding his first epistle, "I pray God to grant you unending prosperity. Retain your friendship; for the Arab sages say, 'Riches may be lost, honours are shadows which dissipate themselves, but true friends are lasting treasures.' He who writes these lines, with a hand which death will one day wither, is your friend, poor in the sight of God, Sid-el-Hadj Abd-el-Kader, Ben-Mahyeddin."

There is a mingling of Greek tradition in these Arabian legends. The mares of Thessaly were born of the wind. As to the horse, the Arab assigns three reasons for honouring him:—in fighting, he first reaches the enemy; in victory, he is first on the scene of pillage; in defeat, he is first out of danger. Being a moral animal, he prays three times a day: in the morning, that his master may ride him; at noon, that the master may prosper, in order that the horse may prosper too; and in the evening, that his owner may ride on his back to Paradise.

General Daumas, however, has less to tell of the Arab as found in Arabia than of the Barb, which is commonly pronounced inferior—an estimate not adopted by Abd-el-Kader. As a battle-charger, he thinks it incomparable:—

You ask my opinion of Barbary horses, their quality and their origin. To please you, I have occupied myself with these questions; and I can do no better to-day than to send you extracts from the poems of the famous Aamrou-el-Kais, who lived a short time before the coming of the Prophet. They treat of the superiority of Barbary horses.

The poet cited was an Arab king, who mounted his horses from Barbary. More to the purpose, perhaps, is the experience of the French chasseurs, laden, more heavily than carabineers or cuirassiers, with arms, food and forage, who can walk, trot, gallop, ascend and descend all day, for weeks together, without exhausting their steeds. The Arabs often test them still more severely. To be perfect, they declare a horse should carry a man, with his arms and a change of apparel, provisions for both, a flag even on a windy day, drag a corpse in case of necessity, and go at full speed from morning till night "without thinking of eating or drinking." But, on the other hand, they lavish on his sustenance and comfort every imaginable care; he is a cherished member of the Desert family—that is, supposing him to be of unimpeachable pedigree. Abd-el-Kader is very emphatic concerning the four-footed aristocracy of the Sahara:—

If the colt has an Arab horse for father and an Arab mare for mother, he is incontestably noble. If he has an Arab father and a Beradi mother, he is called a Hadjin. If he has an Arab mother and a Beradi father, he is called a Meghrif, and is inferior to a Hadjin. The father is always the more important. According to us, it is impossible to derive a pure race from a race of which the blood has once been mixed. It is, on the contrary, acknowledged that we may almost trace back to its primitive nobility a pure race which has been impoverished, whether by insufficient nurture, or by excessive or unsuitable toil, or by neglect; in fact, a race degenerated without any mixture of blood. * * The eye of a horse ought to look inwards—as if at his nose, like that of a man who squints. His ears should resemble those of an antelope startled in the midst of his herd. The cavities within his nostrils should be entirely black: if they are partly black and partly white, the creature is of little value. If, when stretching his neck and head to drink of a stream running on a level with the ground, a horse remains well set upon all his limbs, without bending or slanting his fore-legs, be sure that he is perfectly proportioned, that all the parts of his body harmonize, and that he is noble.

The speed of the Sahara horse has been immemorially renowned. The Emir relates an anecdote of a famous stallion, Aouadj, belonging to a man of the tribes of Beni-Helal:—

"What," asked some one of his owner, "canst thou mention of thy horse that is extraordinary?"—"Mounted on Aouadj," he answered, "I wandered in the desert, and was seized with a violent thirst. By good luck, I met a flock of wild pigeons, evidently flying towards a well. I followed them, and, though holding in my horse as much as possible, I arrived at the water at the same time that they did, without pausing once by the way." This was an extraordinary instance of swiftness, because the flight of the pigeon, always very rapid, is far more so when, panting with thirst, it flies in search of water. And the master of Aouadj added, "If I had not moderated his speed by tightening the reins with all my strength, I should have arrived sooner than the pigeons."

Horses are regarded as superior to mares; yet the latter are almost invariably preferred by the Arabs, for three reasons: their foals enter into the riches of a Sahara household; they do not neigh in battle; are more insensible to hunger, thirst and heat—indeed, the heat

appears to stimulate them, while it enfeebles the horse; and, thirdly, they require less care, and are fed at less expense. In its infancy, the colt follows its mother to the pasture by day, but in the evening lies down near its master's tent, and is the object of the entire family's solicitude: the women and children play with it, feed it with dainties, including bread, milk and dates, and treat it as a baby until the age of eighteen months. Then the education of the young courser begins. He is mounted by a child, who takes him to the water, and paces him gently about: at two years or so the saddle and bridle are first used, though very cautiously. And thus the horse is reared, by a slow and elaborate process, until he becomes the pride of his owner. But it is not enough to have broken him in, taught him submission, and run him through the ordinary paces: he must acquire certain accomplishments—among others, to chase the steeds of an enemy or the laggards on a quick march, and bite them, and to kneel:

You Christians, you go at a trot. So do we, but only on ordinary occasions—to give our horses breath. In war we choose either to walk or to gallop. If we are not pressed, the walk suffices; if we are, the gallop saves our heads.

The Arabs of the Sahara never confer a human name upon a horse. In the cavalcade that sweeps along under the palms, there shall be, perhaps, a Rapid, a Coral, a Rose, a Ruby, a Docile, a Dove; but not an Ali or a Fatimah. On the subject of colt education and stud nomenclature, Abd-el-Kader says:—

That which suits a colt of three years is exercise and prudently-graduated fatigue; he must be accustomed to the saddle and bridle; he should not be mounted unless by either a child, or a discreet man whose weight is in proportion with the age and strength of the animal. * * The Arabs teach their young horses three varieties of gallop: a short gallop, adapted for the promenade; a powerful and decided gallop, to be used in war or in the pursuit of wild beasts; and a desperate gallop, a resource when heads are to be saved. This last must not be abused. Finally, the education of a colt ought to be commenced early. This is an admirable rule; not to conform to it is to do a shameful thing, and to render a horse unserviceable in war. The animal that is not taken care of when young is undocile, awkward and unmanageable; after the least exertion he sweats, and is good for nothing. While, then, sparing the colt, as I have said, all that would impede his growth and the development of his strength, it is necessary to train, by certain taskwork, a horse that shall be supple, swift and hardy. * * The first horse which the Prophet possessed was called Ouskoub, on account of his speed, for Sakab means "running water." Another was named Mortadjez, on account of his beautiful neighing, which resembled a poem in the harmonious metre of the Aadjaz. He was also styled the Gracious and the Noble. * * There are three sorts of horses: the first, laden with crimes, which belong to Satan; the second, saved from eternal fire, and belonging to man; the third, laden with rewards, and belonging to God. * * Remonstrate with your horses, and they will avoid the faults for which they are rebuked, for they understand the anger of man. Nevertheless, treat them always with great tenderness, and when mounted never shrink from taking them into the midst of crowds and tumult, that they may hear the firing of guns, the beating of drums, the cries of men and camels; so that at last they may be accustomed to whatever might otherwise appear strange, and, in course of time, they will no longer evince astonishment or surprise.

—So, and at great length, discourses the Emir.

The next topic is that of food. The horses of the Sahara delight in camel's and ewe's milk; in barley, which is not easily procurable, and in pure, clear water, which they stir before drinking: dates, in many districts—bruised or unripe—serve instead of grain, but, though fatten-

ing, do not harden the fibres; once a year, it is common to give green meat, though certain wealthy chieftains never order it for their war-horses. In some districts the horse drinks only once a day—two hours after noon; in others, twice, early in the morning and after sunset. General Daumas, in his chapter on Feeding, is very minute. In the commentary appended, the Emir testifies to his general accuracy:—

Among the tribes of the Desert, for forty days from the beginning of August, the horses are allowed to drink only every other day. The same rule is observed for the last twenty days of December and the first twenty days of January. In cold weather rich people provide the horse with as much barley as he can eat; in hot weather his rations are considerably diminished. It is rarely that feeding takes place in the morning; the horse is sustained by the sustenance of the preceding evening, and not on that of the current day. Seeing two horses, one of the Tell and the other of the Sahara, the man who has studied nothing will invariably prefer the first, which he deems beautiful, plump and glossy, and will despise the second, and calumniate—dolt that he is!—everything which really constitutes its superiority,—the fleshlessness of the extremities, its bare flanks and contracted belly. And yet this horse of the Desert, who scarcely ever sees barley, green meat or straw, and is fed only on dry plants, and has never been watered, except with milk,—who has followed all his life the chase and the *razzia*,—shall have the swiftness of the gazelle and the resignation of a dog, while the other shall never be more than a bullock by his side. The worst enemies of the horse are indolence and fat.

The Arabs, in hot weather and where water is procurable, wash their horses morning and evening, and, winter and summer, in the Desert, shelter them in immense tents. Cleanliness is regarded as an essential, and no one is ashamed of grooming his steed. "A nobleman may labour with his own hands, without blushing, for his horse, his father and his host." The sequence prescribed is curious:—

"No precaution is neglected," says the Emir, "to guard against sudden checks of perspiration. After a long ride the horse is not unsaddled until he is dry, and no food is given him until he has recovered the regularity of his perspiration generally. He is made to drink before the bridle is taken off. Moreover, we endeavour to pick out the best camping-places: we like a dry ground, cleared of the stones which may encumber it, where the horse may be so placed that the fore feet may be raised a little above the hind, facing, as near as possible, the master of the tent, who watches over him day and night as over one of his children. To tether a horse with his fore-feet lower than the hind, is deliberately to ruin his shoulders."

From artificial wrappings to natural coats. What of their colours? By the middle-age chivalry of Europe, milk-white and jet-black were held in singular estimation. Cornazano was rapturous about clear, dark bays. In 1598 the Archduke of Austria presented to Marshal Biron, at Brussels, a rare horse, "white and blue." Arab poets sing of horses "pigeon-blue." Chestnut is rather a European than an Eastern tint. According to General Daumas, the admiration of the Sahara is given to the snow-white; to the black, "as a night without moon or stars"; to the bay, either nearly black or golden; to the sorrel, and to the "wild-pigeon grey"—the blue of the poets—with the head less deeply coloured than the body. White is the colour of princes, but will not stand heat, and "melts like butter" in the sun. Black is lucky, but timid on rocky ground. Sorrel is lightest of all. "If they tell you of a horse that flies in the air, ask of what colour he is; if they say, sorrel, believe it." Yet this applies, we think, rather to the red bay than to the true sorrel. The phrase employed by Abd-el-Kader is "red mixed with black." But the

Arabs distinguish thus between the *alezan* and the bay: "If they tell you that a horse has sprung from a precipice without injuring himself, ask his colour. If they tell you, bay, believe it." The despised colours are, first, the piebald,—"fly from it as from a pest—it is a brother of the cow;" the "Jew-yellow," which no chief will mount; the roan, of which "the master shall be taken, but never take." Much lore is unrolled by the General concerning stars, spots and other insignia, and again Abd-el-Kader follows suit:—

The next esteemed horse is black, with a star on his forehead, and white spots on three of his feet (the right fore-foot being exempt). Next comes the *alezan*, red bay, with a black mane. Thirdly, the *alezan* with a red mane. * * According to the traditions of our Lord Mohammed, the black horse is superior in point of beauty and in quality; but the red bay is the swiftest. The Prophet detested a horse that had spots on all his legs. * * The swiftest of horses is the red bay; the most enduring, the dark bay; the most energetic, the black; the most blessed, that which has a white forehead.

The purchase of a perfect Sahara horse is difficult; for, even in that favourite region, General Daumas enumerates fourteen defects, not uncommon, which unfit an animal as a charger. Besides these, we are to suspect horses with long, soft, pendent ears,—horses which do not lie down at night,—horses which scratch their necks with their hoofs, and others with their several tricks,—all signs of inferiority. Insist upon a quick ear and a keen eye. A dull sense of sight is despised in the Barbary wilds:

The lion and the horse disputed as to which could boast the better sight. The lion saw, in a dark night, a white hair in a bowl of milk; the horse, a black hair in a pot of tar. The umpires pronounced in favour of the horse.

To the General's practical chapter, the Emir adds:—

To a king who demanded of him his horse Sakab, a poet replied:—"Sakab is not to be sold, nor is he to be exchanged; if he were, I should get him back at the risk of my life, and my family would die of hunger rather than he should suffer it." And an Arab said—"My family blame me for being in debt; but I have contracted my debts for the sake of a horse of noble race, to whom I have presented a slave as his servant." Again, an Arab one day sent his son to market to buy a horse. Before going, he questioned his father as to the qualities which the horse must possess. The father answered, "His ears must be incessantly in motion, now bent forward, now backward, as if he heard something; his eyes must be quick and fierce, as if he were thinking fiercely; his limbs must be finely cut and well proportioned."—"Such a horse," replied the son, "will never be sold by his master." I have known among the Annaza—a tribe scattered from Bagdad to Syria—horses so above price that it would be impossible to buy them, or, at any rate, to pay for them in ready money. They are usually sold to high personages or great merchants, who pay in thirty or forty instalments, at so much a year, their almost fabulous cost; or sometimes they engage to pay the vender and his descendants a perpetual rental.

It is commonly asserted that the Arabs of the Sahara do not shoe their horses. This, General Daumas proves, is a mistake. In stony tracts they shoe all four feet; on softer ground the fore-feet only are shod. And the craftsman who performs the task is a privileged person. He who makes shoes, for horses or men, pays no taxes. He is exempt from the obligation of hospitality. He shares the booty of an expedition, whether he has taken part in it or not. In battle, if in danger, he has only to fold up the corners of his burnous and imitate the action of the bellows, and his life is safe.

In the matter of harness, General Daumas is strong in praise of the Sahara Arabs. Their veterinary practice has always been, for the

most part, empirical; but it would suggest, no doubt, points useful to Europe. The Emir observes:—

There are veterinary practitioners, in the Sahara and the Tell, who enjoy a great reputation; it is rarely that a tribe, however small, does not possess one or two: of these, some undertake to treat all maladies; but the greater number can only cure, severally, one disease. The absence of veterinary schools has prevented the Arabs from studying this science more completely. I am aware of no such school either in the Sahara or in the empire of Morocco.

What of that, however? the Emir asks. There are rocks for all creatures to split against; and what are the rocks over which the horse stumbles? He has pointed them out already—Indolence and Fat.

From this point General Daumas diverges to the question, how far the Sahara horse may subvert the ambition of France to conquer the Sahara people:—

In the country, above all others, of equestrian life, the horse must necessarily become our instrument; he must pass from the Arab into the French service; and not only our colony, but our mother-country, must profit by the triumph. The original horse of our African territory belongs to the Barbary race. Upon Barbary horses mounted that chivalry which was so stubborn before the Roman ranks. If this horse has not the rounded contour, the harmonious beauty, the plastic elegance of the Arab, certainly his outlines reveal qualities of incontestable merit. Between the Barb and the Arab exists the same difference as between a glass cut in crystal by the human hand and a glass run into a mould. The one is abruptly formed, while the other exhibits a finish, a polish, a perfection which leaves nothing for the eye to desire. But both are marvellous horses for war. The Barbary horse deserves, even more than the Arab, the application to him of those proud and pregnant words in the Desert song:—"He can endure hunger; he can endure thirst!"

Generally, these are the opinions of Sid-el-Hadj Abd-el-Kader, Ben-Mahyeddin, upon the Arab horse:—

Know that a horse, sound in all his members, which eats as much barley as his stomach will hold, can do anything his rider desires of him. * * Without abusing him, he may be made to do sixteen parasangs (a parasang being about five thousand metres), or above fifty miles, a day. A horse performing this task daily, and also eating as much barley as he likes, may go on, unfatigued, for three or four months, without resting for a single day. You ask me what distance a horse can go in a day. I can hardly give you a precise answer, but the distance must approach fifty parasangs. We have seen a great many go, in the day, from Tlemcen to Mascara. But a horse having made this journey should be stabled all the morrow.

The precious barley, however, abounds not in the Desert. The Emir states—

Years sometimes pass without the horses of the Sahara eating a grain of barley. The tribes then give their horses dates, which keep them in flesh, so that they can still fight and travel.

Next General Daumas inquires whether the Arabs of the Sahara keep written genealogies to establish the pedigree of their horses. Abd-el-Kader replies—

Know that the people of the Algerine Sahara, no more than those of the Tell, trouble themselves with registers. Public notoriety suffices. The genealogy of the idolized horses is known as well as that of their families. I have heard that some families possess genealogical records, but I could not specify them. * * You say it is maintained that the horses of Algeria are not Arabs, but Barbs. Now this is an assertion which recoils upon those who make it, for the Berbers are of Arab origin. * * It is true, however, that if the horses of Algeria are Arab by race, many have fallen from their nobility through being employed as labourers in carrying or dragging burdens and other similar works. * * It has been said, a horse has only to

live in a cultivated country to lose his virtues. A man was once mounted on a blood-horse. He was met by his enemy, also mounted on a noble courser. The one pursued the other, and he who chased was distanced by him who fled. Despairing of overtaking his foe, the former cried aloud, "I ask you in the name of God, has your horse ever been worked?"—"He has worked four days."—"Ah, well, mine has never worked at all. By the head of the Prophet I shall overtake thee!" He continued his chase. Towards the close of day the fugitive began to lose ground, and the pursuer to gain it; and he who had despaired of coming up with his enemy was soon engaged in a battle with him. "My father, 'God forgive us' is a saying. There has been no blessing on our land since we made of our coursers beasts of draught and labour. Did not God create the horse for the race, the ox for toil, and the camel as a carrier of burdens? There is nothing gained when we quit the ways of God." * * The best time for feeding with barley is the evening. The best way is to give it to the horse saddled and girthed, just as it is best to give water before the bridle is taken off. The horse that drinks in the morning becomes thin, the horse that drinks in the evening becomes fat, the horse that drinks in the middle of the day remains as he was.

With a faint apology, General Daumas desists from his treatise on the Sahara horse to speak of the Sahara man. He became intimately acquainted with a number of the tribes, and saw them in their every-day life. But the Emir is again his commentator, and he cannot say much about the Arab without reverting to the Arab's friend, the horse. "Certainly," he exclaims, "the Arab horses are better runners than any others in the world. One fact is sufficient: they beat the gazelle, the ostrich and the wild ass," without, in stable phrase, turning a hair. "The nature of the Sahara horses results from the life of their masters; the Saharans habituate their horses to endure hunger because food is scarce, and thirst because water is rare." Penultimately, the Emir cites the Prophet, before unfolding a poem of his own:—"Whoso possesses an Arab horse and honours it, God will honour him. Whoso possesses an Arab horse and despises it, God will despise him." Then follows Abd-el-Kader's rhapsody in praise of the Sahara:—"the carpet of sand," "strewn with flowers resembling pearls"—"the soil exhaling music,"—the ground "covered with tents as the firmament is with stars" (two things, the Arabs say, are beautiful—good verses and good tents),—and the horses "fed with the purest milk, the milk of the camel, more precious than the milk of the cow." "Ages have proved the salubrity of the Sahara; its old men are the veterans of the world."

General Daumas describes the *razzia* system, the desert thefts of horses and camels, with the wars of tribes, and refers to the French conquests. Here is the Emir heard again, "in a mournful monotone":—

I had prepared, in case fortune should prove fickle to me, a noble courser of perfect form, which none other equalled in swiftness. I had also a glittering sabre which would cut through at a blow the body of an enemy. Yet Fortune has treated me as though I had never tasted the joy of mounting a drinker of the air; as if I had never reposed my heart on the virginal breast of a well-beloved woman whose limbs were adorned with anklets of gold; as if I had never beheld the exciting spectacle of our blood-horses surprising the enemy at peep of dawn.

Nothing can separate his mind from its favourite topic:—

When (he says) you see horses pacing along haughtily, their heads erect, and filling the air with their neighings, be sure that victory accompanies them; but when, on the contrary, you see horses walking sadly, with heads abased, neither

neighing nor lashing with their tails, believe that they have been abandoned by fortune. Nevertheless, the most High God is wiser than all!

Ostrich and gazelle huntings, Sahara falconry, the camel, and the general life and manners of the Desert, form the subjects of interesting chapters by General Daumas; and a very characteristic fragment in the volume is "The Chase," by Abd-el-Kader; but we have left only room to cite a picture of savage justice which the General himself saw at Mascara:—

Two children having quarrelled in the street, their parents interfered, and, from insults and menaces becoming more and more excited, one drew his knife and stabbed his adversary, who fell dead. He had received five wounds,—one in his right and one in his left breast, two in the stomach, and the fifth in the back. A crowd had collected, and in it were the police agents, who arrested the murderer and conducted him before the magistrate of the town. The Ulemas, or doctors of the law, assembled and constituted a tribunal. In less than half an hour the witnesses had been heard, and the culprit was condemned to suffer the penalties of vengeance at the hand of his victim's brother. Upon a sign from the magistrate, two police agents tied his wrists together, placed themselves on his right and left, and, preceded by his executioner, led him to the market-place, then thronged with two or three thousand Arabs. When I arrived, the police-officers, flourishing their sticks amid the crowd, had cleared a circular space, of which the centre was occupied by the executioner and the condemned, the one with a knife in his hand—the other calm, and apparently indifferent to what was passing. In the terms of the sentence, the murderer was to die under the same number of wounds as he had inflicted, and to receive them in the same order and in the same parts of his body as his victim had received them. When all was ready, and the preparations were limited to the simple arrangements I have described, a police-officer raised his *bâton*: that was the signal. The man with the knife rushed at his patient, and stabbed him in the right breast, and then in the left breast, but of course without reaching his heart, for the unfortunate cried aloud—"Strike, strike, but think not that thou canst kill me; it is God alone who slays." Meanwhile, the punishment was ferociously inflicted, and the criminal, whose entrails were bursting from him with waves of blood, as wound after wound was inflicted, continued to revile his executioner. There remained a last blow to deal. The wounded wretch turned himself round, and the blade of the knife disappeared in his loins. He staggered, yet did not fall. "Enough! enough!" shouted the crowd; "he gave only five stabs, and he must receive no more." The execution, in fact, was over, and the miserable man had strength enough left to regain his horse. The Consular physician, M. Warner, arrived almost at the same moment; and while he was engaged in dressing the stomach-wounds, the man reiterated—"Oh, I pray you, cure me! They say you are a great doctor; prove it; cure me, in order that I may kill that dog!" But all was unavailing, and he died in the course of the night.

A certain looseness, inflation and affectation of style must be attributed to the work of General Daumas; but it contains very much that is original, and is truly rich in the eloquent and simple commentaries upon horse-breeding and devout life by the Emir Abd-el-Kader.

The Port and Trade of London. By Charles Capper. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

So enormous a proportion both of our foreign and home trade is carried on from London as its basis, that a work professing to describe the Port and Trade of London necessarily embraces nearly the whole field of British commerce. Mr. Capper's volume, though prefaced by a sketch of the commercial history of London, is, in fact, an account not only of the mercantile opera-

tions which are conducted from this city, but also of those branches of our foreign trade in which London has only a share; in fact, it is a review of the British shipping trade, foreign and domestic. His introductory sketch of the progress of the port and its trade, through all the phases of legal restriction, monopoly and other unwise interference, and his description of the economy of our great docks, and of the regulations which govern the enormous traffic of "the Pool," are pleasantly written. Some of the facts which he brings out, though familiar to all who are specially interested in the subject, will be curious and entertaining even to the general reader. Among the most striking of these are the results of the abrogation of our laws which confined the coasting trade of Great Britain to British vessels. This, in the eyes of the old race of statesmen, was the rock on which our naval supremacy was built, and the only safeguard of our liberties. Most persons remember the outcry which was raised a few years ago when this trade was thrown open, in accordance with the suggestions of the political economists. The "nursery for British seamen" was said to be destroyed. Our vessels would be driven out of the trade by the Americans, the Swedes and the Norwegians. The facts have proved all this to be imaginary. In spite of the competition of railroads, the coasting trade of the country shows an enormous increase; and at this moment so superior is the British shipper found to be in enterprise and knowledge of our own markets, that out of upwards of eighteen thousand vessels, of more than three millions of tons, entering the port of London and engaged in this trade, only nineteen, of about seventeen hundred tons altogether, are foreign.

Equally curious is the fact of our almost exclusive monopoly of steam-shipping. No foreign nation has a single steam-vessel employed in the coasting or colonial trades of London, and their proportion engaged in the foreign trade is little more than one-fifth. But the most astounding fact is, the enormous increase of this steam-shipping during the last ten years. Between 1850 and 1860 the tonnage of our steam-vessels increased from 158,000 to no less than 454,000 tons. It must be recollected, too, that, inasmuch as one steamer in the coasting and short trades can do as much work as five sailing-vessels, this tonnage is really five times greater than it appears. Notwithstanding this, railways have proved formidable competitors, at least for passenger traffic. In the early days of steam-vessels, they were thought to be specially and peculiarly applicable to the navigation of inland waters. Only ten years ago, Mr. Porter, in his 'Spirit of the Nation,' remarked, that "the countless thousands who annually pass in these packets up and down the River Thames seem almost wholly to have been led to travel by the cheap and commodious means that have been thus presented to them, since the amount of journeying by land has by no means lessened." The ten years that have elapsed since these words were written have effected a revolution. In 1835 the number of persons conveyed between London and Gravesend was ascertained by the collector of the pier dues in that town to be nearly seven hundred thousand. It was stated in evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1836, that upwards of a million passengers, including those to and from Gravesend, at that time passed Blackwall in steam-boats every year. But the steam-vessels have been obliged completely to abandon the struggle with the railways. Two lines, one on each side of the river, convey passengers to Gravesend; and, as a consequence, of the two or three fleets

of admirable vessels which in 1851 performed the water passage between London Bridge and that point with the greatest speed and regularity, scarcely one remains. Similar facts are shown as to the traffic on the Humber between Hull and Selby. Mr. Capper doubts whether upon any river in England there now remains a steamboat service of any moment where the river's bank possesses a railway. All the passenger trade with France now goes by railway through Folkestone, Dover, Newhaven or Southampton. Scarcely anything remains of the long passenger traffic formerly carried on by steamers from London to Ostend, Antwerp and Rotterdam. Although more Englishmen have gone to Belgium, Germany and Holland during the last ten years than ever went in the same period before, almost all have been conveyed by the boats from Dover. Even the Hamburg steamboat traffic, which at one time was the greatest source of profit to the General Steam Navigation Company, is now only maintained by a reduction of one-half to three-fourths of the passage-money.

The bulk of the information which Mr. Capper conveys to his readers—that portion, at least, which refers to the imports and exports, and the nature of our trade with the various countries of the world—is of course only that which any active inquirer may gather for himself from Commercial Dictionaries and Parliamentary Returns; but neither Commercial Dictionaries nor Parliamentary Returns are attractive matter, while Mr. Capper furnishes a great deal of interesting information in a volume which may be read by any one who is curious to know what no Englishman ought to be entirely unacquainted with.

Herzegovina; or, Omer Pacha and the Christian Rebels. With a Brief Account of Serbia, its Social, Political, and Financial Condition. By Lieut. G. Arbuthnot, R.H.A. (Longman & Co.)

TEN days ago, the telegraph told us that Cetigne had fallen, that the Vladika was a fugitive on Austrian soil, that the war in Montenegro was at an end, and a victorious Turkish general encamped amid the ruins of a town which for a thousand years had been the capital of a free people. The news may only in part be true. Telegraphs from Ragusa and Scutari are not always scrupulous as to fact; indeed, they often enough have one story for Constantinople, another for Vienna, a third for Paris. General Halleck himself is not more unscrupulous in his uses of the electric wire than the officer who misinforms Europe as to events in the Black Mountain. Yet the news of Omer Pacha's advance against Cetigne—of his armed occupation of the roads and suburbs—is assuredly true. If the place has not fallen, there can be no doubt as to its fate in a few days or a few weeks.

The fall of Montenegro is no light event. A country is not always to be valued for the number of its acres or the number of its inhabitants. A very small territory may be above all price. Situation tells for much, and character for more. The Rock of Gibraltar is worth more than a fertile province. Malta is of more importance in the world than Borneo. The Four Cantons are not vast in area; but in actual market value they would fetch, if a title could be given, more than an open territory of twenty times their productive power. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that Montenegro is of as much importance to Europe as the district of the Four Cantons. It is not, however, rash to say that she is of very high importance to the Turkish Empire. What Gibraltar is to

Spain, what Calais was to France, what an independent Wales would be to England, the Black Mountain has long been to the successor of Solyman. For many years the Grand Seigneur left the savage population of Montenegro to the freedom of their barren heights, just as the Romans left the Highlands to Pict and Scot, and the Saxon and Norman alike left the region round Snowdon to the defeated and impoverished Celt. The stony country was not worth their arms. But the mountaineers could not keep the peace. Many of the inhabitants, like those of Bosnia, Serbia and the Herzegovina, became Mohammedan, not from persecution, but from persuasion. Danieli Petrovitch, a Greek bishop of the diocese, who had been ordained by the exile Arseni in Austria, got up a Sicilian Vespers at Cetigne, and, on a day fixed by him beforehand, every Mohammedan, including men, women and children of the best blood in Montenegro, were suddenly seized and slain. This infamous fact established the dynasty of Danieli in Cetigne, and provoked the Osmanli of Bosnia and Albania to seek revenge for their slaughtered brethren. Raids, more or less bloody, marked the history of Montenegro. Again and again, the Turks sent troops into the mountains; sometimes to meet disasters in a land without roads, rivers, or towns, where every defile is a fortress,—sometimes to find her victory arrested by the Kaisars, who assumed a protectorate over the barbarians of the Adriatic. They never gained Cetigne. Even in the Herzegovina they are hampered by Austrian jealousies. So late as 1853, the Kaiser forced the Porte to suspend its operations in the disturbed districts. But times are now changed. The Austrians have enough to do on the Italian side of their dominions, and however much they may dislike to see a Turkish general in Cetigne, they must submit to fate as they submitted at Villafranca. The fact of a conquest, which the predecessors of Abdul Asiz found impossible, being made in our day by the Turks, must be rather startling to those French and English believers in Sebastiani who fancy that the Turkish rule is near its term, and that a scramble among the Great Powers for "the sick man's" goods must soon take place. History may have another tale to tell. Those who in future write the history of Europe during the last ten years will have to say of the three powers which divide Eastern Europe, that while Austria and Russia has each been pushed back and deprived of territory, Turkey has extended her frontier, on the north and on the west,—towards the Adriatic and towards the Don. This will not read exactly like decay.

The volume of Lieut. Arbuthnot, which describes the campaign of Omer Pacha in the Herzegovina, contains a good map of Montenegro. Though it relates to events already past, it will be read for the sake of its lively sketches of Turkish life, and for its incidental glimpses of the great soldier who commands the Mohammedan army. Of Omer Pacha's minute knowledge of the country in which he is now operating we have this illustration:—

"I had several interviews with Omer Pacha. On these occasions he showed much kindness of disposition, and took great trouble to explain to me the arrangements which he made for the prosecution of the war against Montenegro in 1852, and to describe the nature of campaigning in that province. He expressed himself much pleased with a map of Montenegro which I had presented to him, drawn by Major Cox, R.E., British Commissioner for determining the new boundary line, but detected the absence of one or two traversable paths, the existence of which I found to be correct when I subsequently accompanied the army to those dis-

tricts. The map, however, I may observe, is very superior, both in accuracy and minuteness of detail, to any other survey which has as yet appeared."

An instance of Omer Pacha's wise tolerance occurs in a description of the present state of Mostar:—

"The shops are small and ill supplied, and the streets narrow and tortuous, except the two main ones, which are tolerably broad, and run parallel to each other in a nearly straight course N. and S. They have raised footpaths, roughly constructed, and swarming with animal life, as is to be expected in the luxurious East. There are no fewer than thirty mosques in the town, whose minarets give it a beautiful and picturesque appearance, albeit that the buildings themselves are imperfect, and ungainly in architectural detail. The Mussulmans have a school in the town, where Turkish and Slavish are taught. Girls are, however, debarred this advantage, and indeed no institution of any kind exists throughout the province for their training or instruction. The result is, that the female population is, if possible, in a lower state of degradation than the male. The religious and secular education of the Christians is as little considered as that of the Mussulmans. Thus the only place of worship which the Greeks possess is a small chapel on the outskirts, to which is attached a school for boys, which is attended by about two hundred children. Since Omer Pacha's arrival during the past year, a peal of bells has been placed in this chapel. The superstition which prevails amongst Turks, 'that bells drive away good spirits from the abodes of men,' renders this concession the more grateful, and it is only another proof that the Mussulmans of the present day are not so intolerant as they are represented. No restrictions, indeed, are placed upon religious ceremonies or public processions of any kind."

On the march, we get a pretty picture of the general:—

"Taking advantage of any clump of trees which we might encounter—and these were not very numerous—the halt would sound, and in an incredibly short space of time coffee and pipes would be served to the General, his Secretary, and myself, the staff forming themselves into a group a few paces distant. During these halts children or curious adults would be seen peeping from behind the trees, bent on catching a glimpse of the Serdar Ekrem. I noticed that he never missed an opportunity of conversing with the country people, who would tremblingly obey his summons to come and receive 'Bakshish,' until re-assured by his kind tone and gentle manner. In thus speaking of Omer Pacha's moral qualities let me not be mistaken; I do not wish to infer that he possesses a very refined mind, still less that he is gifted with those elements which go to form the philanthropist; but that which he does possess is much good-nature, a long-headed shrewdness, which shows him the policy of toleration, and a general disposition to support the weak against the strong."

Mr. Arbuthnot is no fixed admirer of the Turks. On the contrary, he is now and then more severe upon them than their misdeeds, even on his own showing, deserve. But he is not of opinion, after seeing the country with his own eyes, that the military virtue of the people has all died out. In speaking of the comparative courage of the two races which occupy the soil, he says—

"Whatever does yet remain of chivalrous endurance or reckless daring is to be found amongst the Mussulman, and not amongst the Christian population."

We shall quote one other passage, containing, by the way, Mr. Arbuthnot's opinion on Montenegrin affairs:—

"I would not have it supposed that I am desirous of detracting from the well-merited praise to which the Montenegrins are entitled for their long and successful resistance to the Turkish arms. Their glorious stalwart frames, and their independent spirit, both of which they inherit with their mountain air, entitle them to admiration and esteem; but an undue appreciation of these should not be

allowed to warp the judgment or prejudice the mind. Some there are who invest them with almost supernaturally noble qualities, while they attribute every conceivable enormity to their enemies the Turks. Each of these views is incorrect. The Osmanlis, whether it be from a consciousness of their own decrepitude, or some other cause, appear to have lost the spirit of cruelty which characterized their more successful days; and it is a matter of fact that the atrocities committed by their Christian antagonists in the Greek War of Independence, during the incursion of the Hellenic bands into Thessaly and Epirus in 1854, or in the present *émeute*, equal, if they do not surpass, anything which they can lay to the charge of the Turks. Travellers are apt to form their opinions upon the evidence of their senses; and when such is the case, their verdict cannot fail to be favourable to the Moslems: for things seen with one's own eyes will always make a deeper and more lasting impression than the most harrowing details, the scene of which is laid in times gone by. It may be urged that the want of power has caused this increased humanity; and in part it may be so, for the nature of a people can never undergo a sudden and entire change. But I can myself vouch for the lenity which they displayed when they have had the power, and to wit great provocation, to have acted otherwise. The incontrovertible facts, too, remain that Mussulman Turkey has been the first to relinquish the unchristian custom of decapitating prisoners, and other inhuman practices, which the so-called Christians appear little inclined to renounce. This will, of course, meet with an indignant denial on the part of their supporters; but it must be a strong argument which can overcome the disgust occasioned by the sight of women without ears, children without noses, and bleeding corpses of soldiers literally hewn to pieces with knives, all of which I have witnessed with my own eyes. In matters which do not immediately concern England, no opinion is probably entitled to so much reliance as that of a Briton, even allowing for a certain tendency, which he often has, to measure all people and things by his own standard; and for this reason, that he is probably free from all political and religious bias, while we know that he cannot be actuated by prejudices resulting from community of origin, which invalidates the testimony of the subjects of so many other European states. However narrow-minded Englishmen may be in their own affairs, they are generally capable of taking a broader and sounder view of those of their neighbours than any other people. I think, therefore, that it speaks strongly in favour of the opinions which I have advanced, that they are shared by all those few Englishmen whose calling has brought them into connection with these countries, or the still smaller number who have gone thither for their own gratification. To the former class, more especially, I can unhesitatingly appeal, to bear me out in the heterodox assertion that the Christians are, as a mass, greater enemies to progress than the Turks."

That these views are entertained by Lord Palmerston and guide his policy, every one is aware. That they are shared by the mercantile body of this country, may be safely inferred from the prompt success of the Turkish Loan.

The Life and Letters of Washington Irving.
Edited by his Nephew, Pierre M. Irving.
Vol. II. (Bentley.)

A lively record of twelve years—the busiest in the life of Washington Irving—is contained in this second portion of Mr. Pierre Irving's biography of his uncle. This period extends from the year 1820, when the subject of the book had attained the age of thirty-seven, and concludes with the year 1832, when reform was terrifying the nerves of ultra-Tories, and cholera was shaking those of the people generally.

Within the period mentioned, we find Irving ever busily occupied and almost continually ailing. He is in Paris, trying to reconcile

fashionable dissipation with sustained literary labour. Thence he is, as it were, "swung" over to England, to share in coronation gaieties; and forthwith back again to the Continent, traversing Germany, relishing its legends, and writing rather long and not very brilliant letters, in which the information given seems to have been put together as much for his own sake as that of his correspondents. Germany "done," France once more attracts him; and, after a brief residence in England on business matters, sunny Spain lures him away to rare enjoyment among the most beautiful or the most historical of her localities. Hence he writes the longest—and, for a man so highly endowed and gracefully humoured, perhaps the dullest—of his letters. The fact is, that Irving's epistolary was like his oratorical vein—he never hit upon a rich one, and never shone in the one he did hit upon. It was when thought flowed slowly from his brain through his pen, or when he was quietly giving it expression in some happy domestic circle of his own kith and kin, that Irving was most attractive, most brilliant, and most full of pleasant sayings and playful suggestions. From Spain, he returns to England in a diplomatic character; and when that character is played out, he crosses the Atlantic to his native home, where hearts and arms are open to give him cordial welcome—not excepting the hearts and arms of those particular friends of his who hated him heartily because of his literary successes, so greatly exceeding their own.

But no success recorded in this volume equalled that registered in the preceding volume; and the author of 'The Sketch-Book' never wrote up to the height of that work, or, at least, never added very largely to his reputation by any subsequent production. Nevertheless, we are not insensible to the charms of 'Bracebridge Hall,' nor to the masterly sketches in 'The Tales of a Traveller,' nor to the peculiar humour—not at all resembling that of Rabelais, nor that of Swift or of Sterne, but the peculiar humour of his own—which ought to have made the name of Knickerbocker immortal. His 'Columbus' was only a *success d'estime*; but it was not financially a failure, and it was right royally paid for by the elder and jovial Murray. The little narrative touching the 'Companions of Columbus' is, to our thinking, one of the most truthful and picturesque works he ever executed. His 'Conquest of Granada,' and other productions relating to Spanish history, have not afforded equal pleasure, but they are full of local colouring; the atmosphere is true, the details correct, and the picture dazzling in its glory: but one of his earlier sketches, tender in its pathos, serious under its assumed gaiety, and natural in its presentation, is worth them all.

It was an English critic who observed that "his most comical pieces have always a serious end in view." A Yankee friend sneered at this; but Irving replied, "It is true; I have kept that to myself hitherto, but that man has found me out. He has detected the moral of the 'Stout Gentleman.'" With all appearance, too, of indifference, Irving could drive a very good bargain. He could, indeed, readily give way to a proposed abatement of his demands, but only when such abatement still represented something substantial, such as a thousand guineas. Thrice that sum he received for his 'Columbus'; and Murray offered him a thousand a year to edit a monthly magazine, and a hundred pounds for a light contribution to the *Quarterly*—a periodical which Americans abhorred, because it spoke frankly, and not gingerly, on American topics.

That he was excessively sensitive to criticism of his own works, this volume contains many proofs. There are little affectations of never reading reviews, "good or bad," of his own productions; but he evidently did read them, and winced when they were unfavourable. The most severe came from his native America, and these were forwarded to him by anonymous but well-known friends; men of noble sentiments and shabby practices, who grievously afflicted him. He prospered, however, in spite of them; kept a good account at his banker's; helped his less fortunate kinsmen; held shares which promised more than they performed; and was able to say, in 1829, when appointed Secretary of Legation in England, "Should I find the office irksome in any respect, or detrimental to my literary plans, I will instantly throw it up, being fortunately independent of it both as to circumstances and as to ambition." A year later, he had as little ambition to be created a Doctor of Oxford, but the honour was forced upon him; he all-embrassed, the vociferating undergraduates all-jubilant and slightly satirical, and he duly and bashfully submitting, "against," as he remarks, "the stomach of my sense."

A year or two previous, however, his "circumstances" had their uncertain aspect, too; the publishers failing one after the other. Murray thus alludes to his own pressure as an excuse in the matter of remittances:—

"One cause of my not writing to you during one whole year was my 'entanglement,' as Lady G— says, with a newspaper, which absorbed my money, and distracted and depressed my mind; but I have cut the knot of evil, which I could not remedy, and am now, 'by the blessing of God,' again returned to 'reason and the shop.'"

In 1832, matters were still embarrassing among the publishers. When Bryant's poems were offered to Murray, the publisher's son replied: "Knowing, as I do, my father's antipathy to everything in the shape of poetry of the present day, I doubt whether he will be disposed to publish it." The biographer adds—

"Murray, whose affairs were very much embarrassed at this time, did not incline to any poetical venture. Mr. Irving accordingly took the poems to Mr. Andrews, a fashionable bookseller, who agreed to publish them on condition that he (Mr. Irving) would edit them, and write a dedication, to which he cheerfully consented. But the literary market, as we have seen, was at low water at this time, in consequence of the prevalence of reform and cholera, and while the poems were passing through the press, the publisher became alarmed for the effect of an offensive line in the poem of 'Marion's Men,'

And the British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is heard—

fearing that it would prejudice the sale of the work with the English public, and bring him in a loser. In deference to his scruples, though giving little weight to them himself, Mr. Irving thoughtlessly consented to expunge the obnoxious adjective British, so as to make the line read

And the foeman trembles in his camp.

It was an act done in a spirit of kindness to bookseller and author, without pausing to inquire whether he had authority to make the change without the sanction of the latter, and though it never formed a ground of complaint by Mr. Bryant, it will be seen hereafter that Mr. Irving was assailed for the alteration by another, and replied, as Bryant himself has remarked, with mingled spirit and dignity."

One of the most striking characteristics of Irving was his readiness to serve literary labourers of any class standing in need of his assistance. For a man who was himself so sailing in health and so incessantly occupied, it is almost marvellous. As a letter-writer, indeed, Irving, as we have already intimated,

does not appear in a brilliant light; but let him only have a thoroughly good subject, and he is not altogether wanting. We question if William the Fourth has ever been more pleasantly dashed off than in the following sketch:—

"The king keeps all London agog; nothing but sights, and parades, and reviews. He is determined that it shall be merry old England once more. Yesterday morning there was a splendid review in St. James's Park, at which all the world was present. Then a royal breakfast at the Duke of Wellington's, attended by the dignitaries of the court and several of the foreign ministers, Mr. M'Lane among the number. In the afternoon there was held a chapter of the order of the Garter, for the installation of the King of Wurtemberg. Then a grand dinner at the palace, at which Mr. and Mrs. M'Lane 'assisted.' Mr. M'Lane and the king became so thick that some of the *corps diplomatique* showed symptoms of jealousy. The king took to him especially, when he found he had begun the world by being a midshipman. The king and Mrs. M'Lane also had some pleasant discourse. In the evening there was a brilliant dress ball at the Duke of Wellington's, at which I was present. The king was there in great spirits, notwithstanding the busy day he had been through. He spoke to everybody right and left in the most affable manner, and I observe he has an easy and natural way of wiping his nose with the back of his forefinger, which I fancy is a relic of his old middy habits. Upon the whole, however, he seems in a most happy mood, and disposed to make everyone happy about him, and if he keeps on as he is going, without getting too far out of his depth, he will make the most popular king that ever sat on the English throne."

Thus much for a King. The smaller, but yet great men of the day are not so prominent in the busy pictures here described as we should have expected to find them; but where they are introduced, it is generally with effect. A touch of Luttrell will be found in the following passage:—

"Moore, Luttrell, and himself were walking together, when Moore alluded to the uncertain fate of a female aeronaut who took her flight into the empyrean and continued to ascend in her 'airy ship,' until she was lost to view, and added the poet, never heard of more. 'Handed out by Enoch and Elijah,' was Luttrell's immediate and happy response."

Of another celebrity of the hour, Lady Blessington, there is a most characteristic trait, in her melancholy, prettily put on, one 5th of May, because it was "the anniversary of my poor Napoleon's death!" An incident in a great house is thus narrated:—

"I have heard Mr. Irving relate the following curious incident, as occurring at Wimbledon, where it seems he passed the night. He was reading, as was his custom through life, in bed. His door suddenly opened cautiously, and in stalked a grim apparition in the shape of a man with a lantern, who quietly walked up to his light, and with some muttered sentence which escaped him, extinguished it, and then walked out, shutting the door after him, and leaving Geoffrey in a maze at the mysterious intrusion. Lady Spencer laughed heartily when he mentioned the incident the next morning at breakfast. 'Oh,' said she, 'that was my fireman; we once lost a country seat by fire, and ever since he has had orders to walk the corridors at night, and when he detects a light from under the door, to extinguish it.'"

At a greater house still, that of the King of Saxony, Irving saw and shared in some royal revelries, in 1823:—

"There is a singular mixture of state and familiarity in some of the court fêtes. There have been, for instance, several court balls given by the royal family. At those given by the king, the common people are admitted as spectators, and rows of seats are erected for them on each side of the great saloon in which the company dance. Here then you see the nobility and visitors of the court, in

full court dresses, dancing in the centre of the saloon, while on each side are long banks of burly faces wedged together, men, women, and children, and gazing and curtsying as at a theatre. As the court dances are not always the most dignified, one would think this opportunity of seeing royalty cutting capers, would be enough to destroy the illusion with which it is surrounded. There is one romping dance called 'the Grandfather,' something in the style of *Sir Roger de Coverley*, which generally winds up the balls, and of which the princes and princesses are extremely fond. In this I have seen the courtiers of all ages capering up and down the saloon to the infinite amusement of the populace, and in conformity to the vagaries of the dance, I have been obliged to romp about with one of the princesses as if she had been a boarding-school girl."

Among Irving's English friends in Spain, there was one especially of whom the American drew one of the pleasantest of his sketches:—

"He was intelligent, well-bred and accomplished. His malady confined him almost entirely to the house. Sometimes he rode out a little, and I accompanied him, either on horseback or on foot; but most of our time was passed at home, I writing, he drawing and studying Persian and Arabic. I cannot tell you, my dear Brevoort, how mournful an event this has been to me. It is a long while since I have lived in such domestic intimacy with any one but my brother. I first met with this young gentleman in the house in Seville where I am now boarding, and was insensibly interested in his precarious situation, and won by the amiableness and correctness of his manner. I could not have thought that a mere stranger in so short a space of time could have taken such a hold upon my feelings." It was the spirit of this young Englishman that the author invoked; and as the anecdote has already found its way into print, I will give it in the words in which I had it from his own lips:—"Hall," said Mr. Irving, "was rather sceptical, and prone to speculate dubiously about the reality of a future life and the possibility of spectral visitation. In one of these moods, during a talk about ghosts, he turned suddenly towards me, and asked me somewhat abruptly, whether I would be willing to receive a visit from him after death, if he should go before me, as he was so likely to do? 'Why, Hall,' I replied, 'you are such a good fellow, and we have lived so amicably together, I don't know why I should fear to welcome your apparition, if you are able to come.'—"Nay," said Hall, "I am serious, and I wish you to say you will consent, if the thing is practicable."—"Well, then," said I, "I am serious too, and I will."—"Then," said Hall, "it is a compact; and, Irving, if I can solve the mystery for you, I engage to do it." After his death, the horse of Hall was brought to him at Seville, and one evening he rode him to their old retreat, at Casa Cera, near that city. Here, solemnized by the scene and its associations, and recalling their strange compact, he breathed an appeal for the promised presence of his departed friend. 'But,' said he, 'he did not come; and though I have made similar invocations before and since, they were never answered'; adding, half playfully, half mournfully, 'the ghosts have never been kind to me.'"

In livelier mood we encounter Moore, so engaged in gay pursuits that, according to Rogers, he not only lacks time to write to Bessy, but has not the leisure "to read his own billets-doux." The subjoined unpublished letters are "characteristic" of the bard:—

"Sloperton Cottage, Jan. 31, 1831.

"My dear Irving,—I don't like to bother a great diplomat such as you are about matters of the shop—particularly as you won't come and be bothered here where I could have my wicked will of you—but time flies, and the golden moment (or rather silver one) for the arrival of my dollars from America ought to be here. Do, like a good fellow, poke them up a little about it, as, if the cash doesn't come, I must—go. I would (but for the same dislike of pestering, &c.) have asked you to send out my sheets of Lord Edward for me—but sufficient for the day are the dollars thereof, and if

you but get me these three hundred and thirty-three pounds sterling out of the fire, I shall give you a dinner when I come next to town, at the Literary Union, and have Tom Campbell (who is now my particular friend) to meet you. He has indeed written me a letter which does him the highest honour, and shows him to be a sound fellow at bottom, whatever he may be at top. Seriously, nothing could be more manly and warm-hearted than the *abandon* with which he has again thrown himself upon my friendship and forgiveness. God bless you, my dear Washington. Mrs. Moore, who pines for you, sends her best regards with those of, ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

March 11, 1831.

"My dear Irving,—You are the very man for my money. A thousand thanks for all the trouble you have taken, and you shall reap the usual reward by having more inflicted upon you, as I mean to avail myself of your kind services in the same way about my Lord Edward. It grieved me not to see you while I was in town; though for neither seeing, hearing, or smelling had I a single sense left from a most outrageous cold caught on my way from Ireland. I stayed but three days in town, and made one effort to reach you, but fruitlessly. As to my precious bill, I must beg you to pay it into the hands of my partners in the Row, and I would say, the thirteen pounds too, but that Bessy has put in a claim for that fraction for herself; but then how to get hold of it—couldn't you just run down with it to her some fine morning? it would be a *galanterie* worthy of you. Ever yours,

"T. MOORE."

An American celebrity, on Irving's hands, in London, is amusingly portrayed. Mr. Randolph was a Yankee of the Yankees. He

"had his own notions about doing things, and I have heard Mr. Irving give an amusing account of his presentation at court in London, as it came under his own notice. Mr. McLane and Mr. Irving called for him in a carriage, and they found him prepared to accompany them with black coat, and black small clothes, with knee buckles, white stockings, and shoes with gold buckles, a sword, and a little black hat. They looked wonderingly at his dress, so likely with his odd figure to attract observation. He pointed to his gold buckles. 'No sham about them. Rundell and Bridge, by —!' To some observation, as to the propriety of his dress, 'I wear no man's livery, by —!' 'But,' said Mr. Irving, 'the object of a court costume is to avoid awkwardness and challenge; there is a convenience in it; and at all events you don't want a sword.'—'Oh now, Irving, as to a sword, you need not pretend to teach me about that; my father wore a sword before me, by —!' Mr. Irving explained that the sword belonged to a different costume, but was out of place in that dress. This seemed to strike Randolph, and he unbuckled his sword afterwards, and left it in the carriage. As he was about to enter the antechamber, where the foreign ministers are in waiting, he was, as Mr. Irving had feared, stopped by the usher. Mr. Irving immediately explained who he was, and he was permitted to pass. 'There now, Randolph,' said he, 'you see one of the inconveniences of being out of costume.' In the antechamber, the foreign ministers eyed him curiously. Admitted to the presence-chamber, he preceded Mr. Irving, made his bow to royalty in his turn, and then passed before other members of the royal family. As he went by the Duke of Sussex, the latter beckoned Mr. Irving; 'Irving,' said he, with his thumb reversed over his right shoulder, and moving it significantly up and down, half suppressing a laugh at the same time; 'who's your friend, Hokee Pokey?' Mr. Irving, jealous for the honour of his country, replied with emphasis: 'That, sir, is John Randolph, United States Minister at Russia, and one of the most distinguished orators of the United States.'"

In these days, our Transatlantic friends are less ceremonious than Mr. Randolph, and go to court in the costume of waiters and undertakers, to show their proud humility. A court dress is as proper a thing at court, as an evening dress is at an evening party. The

wearing of either is not so much a homage to custom as a polite courtesy rendered to the master or mistress of the house, be that house a palace or not. On the etiquette of dress, however, it is difficult to understand our wayward cousins. It was but the other day that young Mr. Adams was terribly severe on being invited to dinner, and finding no room provided to dress in.

Of bygone actors, native and foreign, we meet with various illustrative incidents. Irving thus describes Talma's 'Hamlet,' as adapted from Shakespeare:—

"The successful performance of a translation of Hamlet has been an era in the French drama. It is true the play has been sadly mutilated; it has been stripped of its most natural and characteristic beauties, and an attempt has been made to reduce it to the naked stateliness of one of their own dramas; but it still retains enough of the wild magnificence of Shakespeare's imagination to give it an individual character on the French stage. Though the ghost of Hamlet's father does not actually tread the boards, yet he hovers in idea about his son, and the powerful acting of Talma gives an idea of this portentous visitation far more awful and mysterious than could be presented by any spectral representation. The effect of this play on the French audiences is astonishing. The doors of the theatre are besieged at an early hour on the evenings of its representation; the houses are crowded to overflowing; the audience continually passes from intervals of breathless attention to bursts of ungovernable applause. I have seen a lady carried fainting from the boxes, overcome by the acting of Talma in the scene with his mother, where he fancied he sees the spectre of his father."

We here should not like to sink the very material ghost in felt slippers left to us by our managers; but there is a German bit of "business" connected with this tragedy, which may be recommended to the same authorities. The German Hamlet does not wear two portraits, of his father and stepfather, as our actors used to do, nor divide them with his mother, as later Hamlets have done; but in the Queen's chamber the full-length of the Prince's usurping uncle stands opposed to that of the Prince's murdered father, and, pointing to these, the grave young Dane makes his famous contrast. Let us add, by the way, that Irving himself was an excellent actor of "genteel comedy," and he thought, if all other vocations should prove profitless, he might make his way as a "stroller."

"Poor Edmund" comes once upon us in his fitful way. "Kean is impatient of having any one in the same piece that has a good part. He asked Elliston last season:—'How long, sir, am I to act with that d—d Jesuit, Young?'" Pasta yields the following notes from Irving's diary:—

"Last night and this morning read St. Ronan's Well—evening to opera—Tancredi—sat in Dr. G.'s box—Pasta vexed in course of evening by a duet being called for which had been omitted, Pasta being indisposed—Miss G. says Pasta is very pleasant—not well-informed, but of good natural talent—feels strongly what she plays, and is often overpowered by her characters, particularly the few first representations—does not seem to be happy—her husband gambles—when Pasta sits by her at music the tears will stream down her cheeks—is a little high-tempered and capricious, but amiable—has a fine little girl about seven—niece of Miss G.—her English servant being sent for a coiffeur went for a confessor."

To return to the saloon,—we find Rogers variously illustrated here, but never without an admixture of cynicism, now rebuking the hollowness of the sincerity of the world of fashion, anon flippant the noses of individual friends. Irving thus speaks of a dinner with the banker and bard, in 1824:—

"Dined with Rogers *tête-à-tête*—he was very critical and censorious on Moore and others—told a good story of the French Abbés: before the French Revolution, at the houses of the principal noblemen there would be a plate left for some chance Abbé, and the first that arrived took it. About dinner-time you would see the Abbés [illegible] picking their way from the top of one stone to another, ringing or rapping at the *porte-cochère*, and inquiring *y a-t-il de place? Non, monsieur*; then he would tillup onward. On one occasion, at the commencement of the Revolution, there was a party dining; the cart went by, carrying criminals to the guillotine—all the company ran to the windows; the Abbé being a short man tried to peep on tiptoe, but in vain, so he went down to the *porte-cochère*. As the vehicle went by, one of the victims who knew the Abbé bowed to him; the Abbé returned the salutation: 'What! you are his friend—you are one of them—away with him!' The poor Abbé was hoisted into the cart and hurried to the guillotine. The company having satisfied their curiosity, returned to the table; the Abbé's place was vacant: *Mais où est M. l'Abbé?* Alas! the poor Abbé was already headless."

In contrast with many comfortable sketches of Rogers, is one of Kenney, in this instance an unsuccessful dramatist:—

"I went a few evenings since to see Kenney's new piece, the Alcaid. It went off lamely, and the Alcaid is rather a bore, and comes near to be generally thought so. Poor Kenney came to my room next evening, and I could not have believed that one night could have ruined a man so completely. I swear to you I thought at first it was a flimsy suit of clothes had left some bedside and walked into my room without waiting for the owner to get up; or that it was one of those frames on which clothiers stretch coats at their shop-doors; until I perceived a thin face sticking edgeways out of the collar of the coat like the axe in a bundle of fuses. He was so thin, and pale, and nervous, and exhausted—he made a dozen difficulties in getting over a spot in the carpet, and never would have accomplished it if he had not lifted himself over by the points of his shirt collar."

The above is "to the life," and so is the little touch of Charles Lamb, "being bored by a lady praising to him such a 'charming friend,' &c., ending with 'I know him, bless him!'" on which Lamb said, "Well, I don't; but d—n him at a hazard!" With this illustration, we lay down the volume, and await, with pleasant anticipations, the appearance of the third and last instalment.

Fern Vale; or, the Queensland Squatter. A Novel. By Colin Munro. 3 vols. (Newby.)

ALTHOUGH this work bears the attractive title of "a novel," the author, in his Preface, explains that he has only written his work in this form because, he says, "I am disposed to think this description of work will find more favour in the eyes of the class I would especially desire to attract, than a topographical or statistical treatise. I have blended fact with fiction, to present my volume to the public in such a form as to afford amusement with information." He desires "to remove this stigma of *mauvais ton*, and establish our fair name, in opposition to the mal-impressions which have gained currency respecting the Australian colonists. I don't," continues the author, "enter the arena to defend the colonies respectively, so much as to present a fair face for the young one, Queensland, and to draw attention to it as a field for British labour, industry and capital. I have endeavoured to depict life and manners as they exist in Queensland, and to describe the country, its climate and its capabilities." We are accustomed to hear of the "parent country," but a "parent colony" is a novelty. Queensland is, however, a healthy

child of New South Wales, some two years old, rejoicing in its early majority, and emancipation from the "old, iniquitous land system of the parent colony."—"The colony," says the author, with pride, "is young, but the government is infantine; though, notwithstanding that it is little more than two years old, it has proved itself indefatigable, concise and beneficial in its workings." In particular, the law for the tenure of land seems to be remarkable for its liberality and simplicity. Persons with a little money and a good deal of practical farming knowledge, good health, strength and energy, with that primeval foundation of all success—perseverance, would find the terms on which they might become "landed proprietors" (that object of ambition to all Englishmen) so favourable and so feasible, that they would be apt to suspect some serious drawback to counterbalance the advantages—"Land for pastoral purposes, occupation and settlement with right of tenure, at a rental of a farthing an acre per annum;" whilst, for agricultural lands, the inducements offered are, free selection for purchase at the fixed rate of a pound an acre, with the right to rent three times the quantity of land so purchased, adjoining, at a rent of sixpence an acre for five years, with option of purchase at the end of the term, and all that has been paid for rent deducted from the purchase-money. If these are not "tenant rights," it would be hard to find them! The counterbalancing evils, which are constantly lessening, are the natives, the dingoes, and the rather primitive accommodations, with very few neighbours: but then, again, the advantage of living in Australia, or that Eden before us, Queensland, seems to be, that people all *love* their neighbours—perhaps because there are so few of them, and they are so far off!

The author of 'Fern Vale' is never weary of describing the beauty of the country, the geniality of the climate, the fertility of the ground. Every page shows his knowledge of the locality, and the way of life in the Bush; and there cannot be a greater contrast between the straightforward account he gives of things that he knows and has seen, and the wonderful diction he uses when he aspires to be a writer of polite fiction; he then becomes as ill at ease as a rustic in his best clothes suddenly brought into a drawing-room. We commend some portions of this book to Prof. d'Orsay, as a specimen of what the English mother-tongue may become in Colonial parlance. American English is remarkable, but Australian English is simply a miracle of philology. Here is a description of a fallen tree:—"From its long recumbent, it had become divested of its bark, foliage and smaller branches, leaving only its gnarled trunk and concomitant adjuncts, its crural-like limbs." This tree had been carried away by a flood; and here is what the man who had been nearly drowned in the flood, and had narrowly escaped being dashed to pieces by the "crural-like" branches, thought when he came to his senses "on the banks of that cold river":—"Every circumstance attending his late danger and providential escape segregated itself from the chaotic mass in his brain, and laid before him a panorama of his ordeal." The meeting of a brother with his sister, who has come to join him in his new allotment in the Bush, is thus described:—"John Fergusson advanced to meet his sister, and greeted her with a fond inosculatation as a token of fraternal affection." Here is a man whistling:—"With his eyes firmly fixed upon a cleanly-dispositioned fly on the canvas ceiling of the room, as it was going through various crural manipulations on its cranium, he warbled forth a stanza in his most enchanting strain."

The descriptions of Bush life are, as we said, very good, although they are more or less disfigured by roundabout phraseology and unusually fine words. There are several anecdotes, for the truth of which the author undertakes, in his Preface; but as to the narrative, written to find favour with those who would not read "a topographical or statistical treatise," we must confess to having found it very wearisome. The heroine, a young lady of many virtues, not only persists in holding herself obliged to marry a brutal and worthless young man whom she seriously dislikes, and who, by her own account, has "treated her with neglect and contumely,"—and in sacrificing herself to her "promise," but she devotes to misery a most estimable young man, who declares his affection for her in language which is a mixture of Thaddeus of Warsaw and Sir Charles Grandison,—this youth being no other than the brother who greets his sister "with a fond inosculatation." However, he rescues the lady, who has been left for dead, from a fearful massacre, in which all her family are killed by the natives. The end is according to all the laws of poetical justice: Mr. Bob Smithers retires from the scene gnashing his teeth, and assuring his fortunate rival that he will never cease to hate him; and the lovely Eleanor becomes Mrs. John Fergusson.

Northern Europe, (Denmark, Sweden, Russia,) Local, Social, and Political, in 1861. With a succinct Continuation down to May, 1862. By Capt. W. F. B. Laurie. (Saunders, Otley & Co.)

Capt. Laurie seems to have found book-making a difficult task. It is evident that he was puzzled how to build up a volume of dignified dimensions. For, among his Northern reminiscences, we find odds and ends innumerable; then there is a "supplementary section"; afterwards, one lecture on the Neigherry Hills, and another on the Moguls; next, notes on a Russian invasion of India; finally, an Appendix, in which five different subjects are treated. Capt. Laurie, long scorched at a Commissary's desk in Central India, returned to Europe, and visited the North, and commences the relation of his adventures in almost an epic style. He explored Hamburg, called by Warburton the Lesser Jerusalem, from the swarms of people with that "stern, medallie countenance" who inhabit it, and went on to Copenhagen, which is duly described,—the collections of antiquities, the libraries, the Tivoli garden, and the fortifications; but we are suddenly pulled up to hear judgment pronounced on the German-Danish question. Of course, there is a good deal about Thorwaldsen, with much talk of Gustavus, Charles, and other bygone worthies, including not a few well-worn anecdotes. Going to Cronstadt, he makes a professional remark:—

"It is said that the guns of the fortress command both passages of the gulf; but I thoroughly believe there is a good deal of exaggeration about the whole matter. A great deal is got up for the sake of appearance; and, although the guns of the Cronstadt batteries are genuine, terrible 'political persuaders' to look upon, still I cannot help thinking that a well-equipped fleet of small steamers, led by a determined hand, could force this critical passage of the Neva!"

He was delighted with the reception of strangers at St. Petersburg. No insolent police, no savage soldier in piked helmet and greatcoat, no inquisitors and spies incessantly jabbering; only a slight search of the steamer, apologetically conducted, a few chalkings of undecipherable hieroglyphics, and a polite chorus of invitations from droschky-drivers. Being well content with the city, Capt. Laurie

resolved to visit the great Alexander Theatre. His favourable impressions were confirmed:—

"To reach this home of the purely Russian drama, opening on the Nevskoi Prospekt, we rattle along the tranquil Neva at a terrible pace (regardless of the magnificent buildings on our left till the morrow), cross the handsome bridge of stone and wrought-iron over the river, and soon the diminutive droschky halts before our destination. The exterior is imposing; we enter rapidly, and, of course, go to the wrong quarter to procure pass-checks or tickets. At length we are in the midst of a crowd before a window, still ticketless and incomprehensible. A Russian officer observing us proffers his assistance in the most civil and prompt manner; and, for rather more than we expected to pay (about three rubles), procured us two tickets for the stalls of the 'Alexander.' On entering this magnificent dramatic temple, the brilliant decorations, amidst a uniform blaze of light, exceeded our utmost expectations. About the size of the old Covent Garden Theatre, the 'Alexander' was certainly one of the most comfortable places of amusement I ever sat in, besides actors, scenery, and music, all of the best description."

There is a Cadet Corps, splendidly lodged, at St. Petersburg, and Capt. Laurie has an amusing story about the young warriors:—

"All the fashion of the metropolis had assembled to witness the Corps of Cadets pass in review before the Emperor. The Grand Duke (Michael) was most anxious to exhibit the bravery and skill of his young troops to the best advantage; so, after the usual manoeuvres had been gone through, with an exactness which delighted the Autocrat and spectators, a charge of cavalry, to prove the strength of a Cadet square, was determined on. Of course, in such cases, as every volunteer knows, in peacetime, the cavalry gallop past the square, and do not charge at it. The scions of Russian heroism, however, expecting a more impressive mode of charge—I am not sure if the rapid squadron did not consist of the Circassian guard, on their superb Asiatic horses—when the enemy bore down, with flashing sabres, like lightning on the square, the Cadets, from 'prepare to receive Cavalry,' rose to a boy, and ran off with a speed seldom witnessed even in the chequered annals of warfare!"

He draws an animated picture of open-air life at Berlin, and gossips complacently at Potsdam; but his narrative is wearily lengthened out and loaded with commonplaces.

Memorials of John Bowen, LL.D., late Bishop of Sierra Leone. Compiled from his Letters and Journals, by his Sister. (Nisbet & Co.)

We have in this memoir the story of a good and earnest man, who, having devoted himself to the service of God and his country, died at his post, on a foreign shore, while still in the prime of life.

John Bowen was born in Wales, in 1815. His parents were descended from respectable Welsh families, and he was one of thirteen children. When he came to years of discretion, his father gave him his choice of going to Cambridge in preparation for the Church, or of emigrating as a settler in Canada. He chose the latter alternative, and started with a party of friends for New York. He ultimately decided on purchasing a farm on Lake Erie. Here he was for a time engaged as a hard-working, energetic farmer; but, as we learn from his letters and diary, and from the pen of his friend and pastor, Mr. Gribble, John Bowen came to the conviction that he was called upon to give up his worldly occupations and become a clergyman. For some months Bowen held his wishes in abeyance, and continued his active labours as before: he gave up all his spare time to the study of the Holy Scriptures; but eventually he disposed of his farm, returned to Europe, and entered himself as a student at Trinity College, Dublin. He was ordained in Ripon Cathedral in 1846, and

his first cure was at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire.

Tired of a quiet life, at the end of two years John Bowen offered his services to the Church Missionary Society, as a missionary traveller to any part of the world in furtherance of Christian objects; and it was decided that he should open a mission to the Druses, and visit the missionary stations in Syria, Smyrna and Cairo,—proceeding also to Jerusalem, Constantinople, Bagdad and other places in the East. His journal and letters during this period are most interesting.

On his return to England, he spent a few years as the minister of a small country parish. But he found the life monotonous; and being so well calculated, by education as well as inclination, for a larger and more important sphere of usefulness, Mr. Bowen returned to Nablous, at the urgent request of the Protestant residents of that place. He became extremely popular during his sojourn in Syria. "The East, in fact, seemed to be his proper region," writes one who knew him there. The missionaries still love his memory. In Jerusalem he was quoted and referred to as an authority, and he was looked up to with reverence and love by both Mohammedans and Christians.

In 1856, Mr. Bowen once more returned to his parish of Orton Longueville, and devoted himself to the improvement of his English flock; but it was evident that his heart was still in the East, as appears by the following anecdote:—

"It was early in this year that, going to Birmingham for a day, he noticed on the walls a placard stating that some real Bedouin Arabs were to exhibit in a circus that evening. Being anxious to converse with these men, and not being able to ascertain where they were to be found, he decided, though not without some scruples, to go to the circus to see them there. He waited till the half-price time, and going in, found the Arabs had finished their part and were sitting in the pit. He approached them, and, standing behind them, saluted them in their own tongue and manner, and asked them to make room for him. They gladly did, not a little astonished at being thus addressed."

—He then asked them to breakfast with him the next morning, and gave up the whole day to showing them the principal buildings and factories of Birmingham, and only returned to his rectory quite late in the evening, "in high spirits, and much delighted at his English day with real wild Arabs."

He was in 1857 offered the bishopric of Sierra Leone, and a strong sense of duty induced him to accept it. It was thought by his friends that John Bowen was worthy of a better fate than banishment to "the White Man's Grave." Mr. Layard, after detailing his many qualifications for a missionary in Syria, adds—

"It was, consequently, with no small concern that I learnt he had been offered and had accepted the bishopric of Sierra Leone, and was now to proceed to that fatal spot. It would seem that, by one of those strange perversions of logical deduction that are not uncommon, it was inferred that because Dr. Bowen had been in the East, spoke Arabic and was acquainted with the manners of the inhabitants of Syria, that therefore he was the fit and proper person to be sent to the black tribes of the western coast of Africa. * * But, having been summoned to make the great sacrifice of his life, he considered it an imperative duty to obey—and from the calls of duty he never turned. Those who knew his goodness and worth, and how well he was fitted to be useful to his fellow-creatures, will not cease to deplore that so valuable a life was thus comparatively thrown away."

One of the greatest griefs to his family was

the thought that Dr. Bowen was to proceed alone to his post; and we are told that it was the prayer as well as the ardent wish of many, "that God would provide a wife for him." There was no time to be lost; and in this important matter, as in most of the other great steps he took in life, Bishop Bowen seems to have been actuated by a sudden impulse, or what he deemed a special interposition of Providence in his behalf. He writes to a relative—

"Just as I had given up all hope and submitted to God's will in what seemed to me the greatest sacrifice in going to Sierra Leone, a light has shone upon my path, and an excellent Christian woman has been given to me. The circumstances of our coming together are very providential; I can clearly trace the hand of God. I had only heard of her this summer, and seen her but three times; yet I knew much of her character and sentiments, and was led to seek her: and she, with a devoted missionary spirit, is ready, and has been already anxious to go to Sierra Leone."

Dr. Bowen was consecrated in September, 1857, and married in November to Miss Catherine Butler, daughter of the late Dean of Peterborough; and they proceeded straight to Plymouth, where they embarked, two days after their marriage, for their new sphere of duties. Though so little acquainted beforehand, the Bishop and his wife appear to have been devotedly attached to each other; and in less than a month after their arrival they had settled themselves in their new home, and were fully employed in the work of the mission. "Nothing seemed to disturb them, and they were perfectly happy in each other."—"The harvest is great," writes the Bishop, "and the labourers few and far between. We want more white men, and more black men."

The Bishop seems to have at once thrown himself into the work heart and soul. He "did much work in a very little time wherever he went." He never seems to have taken the least care of his health, and exposed himself unnecessarily to the heat. With his own hands he painted and prepared a boat for his wife. He writes, in one of the worst months—

"Tornado time; thermometer to-day, 88° in the coolest room we have, but still it is bearable. I have been rolling down palm-trees, and chopping, this morning under the sun. In fact, people here do not take the care and precaution they do in India against the heat. As yet, I feel that the unhealthiness of the place has been exaggerated, and partly occasioned by our being too English in our habits."

Thinking this, he never seems to have spared himself any fatigue or exposure. He took upon himself the duties of the assistant chaplain, then absent on leave; and he travelled far and wide, to visit the various stations in his diocese, and in one of these expeditions he caught his first attack of fever. He seems to have been seldom free from illness after this, and it was while he was still "down with the fever" that his wife gave birth to a still-born child, and died in childbirth at Freetown, on the 4th of August, scarcely eight months after their arrival in Africa. His letters to his sisters are full of the most touching records of his great grief and his entire resignation to the will of God. "Work," he believes, "will prove his best comforter."—"Everything was as well attended to as if no crushing grief had overtaken him." But we read that "All who were closely connected with the Bishop could not fail to observe that a marked change came over him after the sad death of Mrs. Bowen." He never got over the effects of that blow. He was as active and zealous as before, but he had not time to take care of himself, even if he had been inclined to do so, and in May, 1859, he was again attacked with fever, which carried him to his grave after

a short but severe illness, during which he was tenderly nursed by his chaplains, by whom he appears to have been greatly beloved. "We had, indeed, a Bishop suited to us," said the people of Sierra Leone. "His death has left a void which will not soon be filled up." We quote the words of one of his native chaplains:—

"Where did he not go? what did he not do that could be expected from a Christian minister and Bishop? Now among the soldiers, now in the day-school or infant-school, always in the Sunday-school to catechize the children, though he had but just finished preaching. He was ready to converse with all classes of men, at home or abroad, in the streets, at the wharf, wherever an opportunity offered itself, now in the hospital, now in the city gaol. He could be seen under the heat of the sun going up Tower Hill; at other times setting out to perform duties under the heavy rains. In his visit to Abeokuta, his servant who went with him said, he was the same person wherever he went,—preaching, holding ordinations and confirmations, feasting the children, and giving presents to the different chiefs and head men. We believe he will not soon be forgotten in that far-distant land."

Thus, in unceasing work, the good Bishop wore out his health and strength. We, like his sister, "cannot regret that he went to the fever-stricken homes of Sierra Leone—his place was there to carry the message of peace to the dying soul." God has now called him to a higher place, but his life will not have been spent in vain. His memory will still live, in the hearts of all who were connected with him; and though dead, Bishop Bowen "may yet speak for generations to come, through the mouth of many a minister from among 'Africa's own sons,' who have profited by his teaching and example."

Beautés of Madame de Girardin.—[Esprit de Madame de Girardin, avec Préface, par M. de Lamartine]. (Paris, Jung-Treuttl.)

THIS is a volume of the Hetzel Collection, which may pair off with the two volumes of Madame Dudevant's *Miscellanies*, lately reviewed in the *Athenæum*. Not that the two women are in any respect of the same intellectual calibre. The author of 'Lelia' has a strong tincture of Germanism in her composition—the author of 'Lady Tartuffe' was as unmistakably French,—Frenchwoman of Paris; one who, in her flimsier way, clung to "the world's capital" as passionately as did the more serious and sublime Madame de Staël. Madame de Girardin proved her nationality, as Madame de Staël did not, by a resolute determination, and one as ignorant as resolute, to depreciate and criticize the English man, and still more the English woman. It was said in the circles of Paris, when 'Lady Tartuffe' came out, that its author gave that intolerable play a hybrid title with the express purpose of indicating from what source she had drawn the invention of such a cold-blooded and criminal hypocrite as *Mdlle. de Blossac*: and in this volume hardly a mention of us islanders, our wives and our daughters, occurs which is not pointed with a sneer. This, however, is comical, rather than affording matter for irritation;—an illustration of self-conceit as rampant as is the small, gossiping self-importance of the provincial Frenchwomen whom our Parisian *Vicomte de Luvigny* (for thus Madame de Girardin masqueraded) satirized in those ephemeral letters of hers which have been so much admired, and from which, we conceive, many of these "Beautés" have been extracted. In a fragmentary book such as this (as we have often pointed out), the aphorism, the rejoinder, the flash of *improvisu* wit, by being detached lose half their neatness, sparkle, and also depth. But the world of readers,

who do not love trouble, has proved itself indulgent to selections like these; and it is idle to fight against the propensities of the impatient, and those who love a smattering of knowledge, or who accept a scrap of evidence for a complete story. For ourselves, aware as we are of the social place granted to Madame de Girardin by some of the nimblest sharpshooters of Paris, and awarded to her by literary brethren no less romantically gifted than M. de Lamartine, we find, in the sound and echo of her talent as a wit, something of the "click of the tinder-box" (to borrow a phrase from Miss Edgeworth's *Lady Davenant* in 'Helen'). That she had other, better talents,—it may be, less prized by herself,—has been proved in a smaller and less showy work than any of those on which her reputation was based. So long as life is crossed by the fear of Death, and agitated by "the fever of vain yearning," her little play 'La Joie fait Peur' will be referred to, for its bold, unforced, pathetic simplicity,—for its universal appeal to those emotions of memory, hope, suspense, to which all who have lost any treasure, all who have suffered any bereavement, must reply. There is nothing in this age of Drama comparable to it, or to its effects. For the sake of that admirable and healthy and powerful play, what Englishman would not willingly forgive any amount of showy and shallow and arrogant tirades against English phlegm, bad dressing, and scanty knowledge of life?

M. de Lamartine's preface to these extracts is, as usual, lugubrious, poetical and egotistic. He tells, with great unction, how and where he first saw Delphine Gay, how he wrote verses to her accordingly. He tells, however, something else, which will be new to the English admirers of 'The Clockmaker's Hat': that by prudent and scheming friends it was designed, at a certain period of Delphine's youth, beauty and wit, that they should entrap into a left-handed marriage the Count d'Artois, afterwards the gloomy and bigoted Charles the Tenth. But the royal personage had sworn at the bedside of Madame de Polastron, his last attachment, "that there and then he would take leave of the softer passions for ever"; and accordingly Delphine Gay, in place of ruling a kingdom morganatically, had to content herself with the lower triumphs of journalism and dramatic success. Her life, however brilliant a one, does not seem to have been happy, but to have been vexed by longings the fulfilment of which was not granted to her. It was cut short by a merciless disease at the very moment when she may have been aiming at a better understanding of herself and her own real powers than she had yet known. She was, at all events, one of the noticeable Frenchwomen of the past half-century.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Robert O'Hara Burke, and the Australian Exploring Expedition of 1860. By Andrew Jackson. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—Mr. Andrew Jackson, who is an ensign in the 3rd Buffs, and dates his preface to this compilation from Malta, acknowledges that his labours as an historian of the gallant Robert O'Hara Burke's expedition have "been limited to arranging consecutively the letters and journals of the explorers, and forming the whole into a connected narrative of the progress and results of the expedition, the vicissitudes of the exploring party, and the fatal disasters which overtook them at last." The avowal would have been more complete if it had been accompanied by a statement that the documents and journals thus treated were printed, some months since, by order of the House of Commons, and offered to the public in "blue books" which may be purchased for a few pence. To do Mr. Jackson justice, it may be admitted that he

has transcribed the printed papers with accuracy; but his arrangement rarely adds perspicuity to their story, and in some cases robs them of their pathetic force. For instance, after printing Mr. Wills's Journal of the Return from Carpentaria to Cooper's Creek, from its commencement (February 19, 1861) to the last date but one (April 20, 1861), he stops short, and does not give the concluding entry, which describes the luckless travellers' "disappointment at finding the dépôt deserted," until he has well entered upon another chapter, when the touching passage is found to have lost force by being thus separated from the document of which it formed part. It would mar the effect of the best epigram that was ever written to divide its first lines and its concluding "point," by an essay on its merits as a whole. The only new material the compiler offers his readers is given where he says,—"As another instance of the remarkable attachment he (Burke) was accustomed to inspire in those connected with him, it may be mentioned that a woman named Ellen Doherty, of the age of sixty-five years, who had been his nurse, and whose heart yearned to see her 'dear Master Robert,' as she still continued to call him, left her comfortable home near the family seat at St. Clerans, in the county of Galway, where she had been well cared for as an old retainer of the family, and, unknown to any one, making use of the savings accumulated to sustain her in old age, travelled unprotected, alone, with the best feelings of her heart clinging close round him, to try and see her darling once more before she died. Alas! that meeting was never to take place in this world. She reached Melbourne after he had set out on the expedition from which he never returned alive." We thank Mr. Jackson for this anecdote; but we must still smile at his announcement that his "right of translation is reserved" in a work that, even to the map with which it is illustrated, is taken bodily from a volume printed at the public expense.

Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education.—Catalogue of the Special Exhibition of Works of Art of the Mediæval, Renaissance and more Recent Periods, on Loan at the South Kensington Museum, June, 1862. Edited by J. C. Robinson. Parts I. and II. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)—The circumstances under which the rare works of Mediæval and Renaissance Art were gathered together for special exhibition at the South Kensington Museum in June last, rendered it impossible to prepare a catalogue in time for the opening of the display. Amongst these circumstances may be mentioned the shortness of the time allowed for preparation, the impossibility of obtaining sufficiently precise information respecting the objects about to be contributed, and the fact that many contributors delayed to send in their specimens till the very last moment. The necessity for a catalogue, however, remains,—though the crowds of visitors have ceased to demand one. To collectors and connoisseurs, who are still anxious to have printed lists of the treasures, and to all others who regard the Special Exhibition as having an historic interest beyond the ordinary diversions of the season, the present and succeeding instalments of Mr. J. C. Robinson's Catalogue will need no recommendation. Of the seven sections catalogued in Part I., the editor's pen furnishes the lists of "Sculptures in Marble and Terra-cotta," "Art-Bronzes," "Furniture," "Various Works of Mediæval Art and Ecclesiastical Utensils" and "Henri-Deux Ware."—Mr. A. W. Franks, M.A., describing the "Carvings in Ivory,"—and Mr. R. H. Smith, M.A., the "Objects of Ancient Irish and Anglo-Saxon Art." Part II. consists of eight sections, namely—"Bernard Palissy Ware," by Mr. J. C. Robinson; "Sèvres Porcelain," by Mr. W. Chaffers, F.S.A.; "Limoges Painted Enamels," by Mr. Augustus W. Franks; "Portrait Miniatures," by the Rev. J. Beck, M.A.; "Ecclesiastical Vestments, Tissues and Embroideries," by the Very Rev. Dr. Rock; and "Decorative Plate, belonging to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge," by Mr. H. S. Smith.

Tales and Sketches of Lancashire Life. By Benjamin Brierley. Part I. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—These immature little stories might be called "Sketches of Devonshire life" with as much pro-

priety as they are termed "Sketches of Lancashire life." They are devoid of local colour and poetry, and (with the exception of "Our Cheap Trip, and How we Enjoyed it," which here and there betrays a gleam of vulgar humour) they have no quality for which they can be commended. The first in order, and the most ambitious of them, is the worst. Business being slack and the warehouse closed, Mr. Benjamin Brierley leaves his careful, sharp-tongued wife to get through washing and ironing as she best may, and walks off at early morning for "a day out" in the country. The excursion having taken him to a rural village, he enters the ale-house, and spends several hours, as well as much money, in drinking beer, and making himself merry with the loungers of the place. They talk about the fall of Sebastopol, sing songs, and get fuddled; when Mr. Brierley, who is still quite sober enough to take care of himself, says farewell to his companions and walks back to Manchester, in due course reaching his home, greatly elated with the success of his day out. On his return, the sharp-tongued wife, who has washed the linen during his absence, receives him in the best of humours. Such is the story. Its moral the reader may guess. If Mr. Benjamin Brierley is guided by our advice, his series of Lancashire Tales will stop with Part I.

Ancient Empires: their Origin, Succession and Results. With a Preliminary View of the Unity and First Migrations of Mankind. (Religious Tract Society.)—In this condensation of ancient history, as supplied from the ordinary sources, we find that smooth facility of language, that swift dealing with great names and events, that surface-show of learning, usually characteristic of such publications. The compiler sets forth that, in his volume, "the chief empires of antiquity are contemplated in their rise, succession and results, down to the Christian era." Preliminarily, however, the claims of Scripture history are discussed, with the original unity of mankind and its subsequent dispersion. The general design is "to illustrate the rule of Providence, the verification of prophecy, and the preparatives of Christianity." These questions have a hundred times been discussed in a very similar manner, and similarly disposed of; but the compiler adopts a grandiose tone, and unrolls the centuries of the world's early life as though they constituted only a few yards of simple panorama, quite distinct to the eye, quite easy to be described, and admitting of no controversy.

Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire. New Series, Vol. I. (Liverpool, Holden.)—A very fair volume, with which, however, we should have been pleased had we found more papers connected with the local history, antiquities, morals and customs of the two counties. That on the popular customs and superstitions of Lancashire is of general interest, and the natural history of more than one locality, the peculiar property of the Society, affords a subject which has been well and wisely treated. The Society manifests less wisdom when it extends the boundaries of its observations to the antipodes, or treats of men and things which illustrate nothing in reference to the districts which the Society should especially, nay exclusively, explore. The members have an excellent opportunity before them, and we hope to find that they are fully aware of their advantage.

Ellice: a Tale. By L. N. Comyn. (Longman & Co.)—This is one of the prettiest books for the young that has been published for some time. The story is very touching,—perhaps almost too sad, and the children are a little too much like men and women in miniature to be altogether natural, but the moral is excellent and the writing decidedly of a superior quality. The hero, Gerard, is a boy who will rival the far-famed "Guy" in 'The Heir of Redcliffe,' and is indeed, in some ways, still more worthy of imitation. Ellice, his loving little sister, is also a thoroughly pleasing character, though by no means faultless. We cannot doubt that the book will be deservedly popular with any young people, of either sex, who may be fortunate enough to obtain possession of it.

The Queen of the Savannah: a Story of the Mexican War. By Gustave Aimard. (Ward & Lock.)—*Cynthia Thorold.* By the Author of 'White-

friers.' (Ward & Lock.)—The only sympathy between these two works is that they belong to the "Railway Library"; specimens of quick writing and necessarily cursory reading. 'The Queen of the Savannah' is supposed to give an historical sketch of the events in Mexico. This can hardly be satisfactorily done in a lightly-written story when the real events in that country seem to have followed one another with a considerable degree of intricacy, let alone that the country has for several years been in a state of civil war, and overrun by lawless brigands and ruffians whose movements are naturally uncertain and unrecorded. At present the English have retired, and ceased to interfere in its affairs, whilst our French allies are left to take care of European interests. Perhaps they will succeed in inducing a Mexican government to perform its duties to other States, and in that case it may turn out that the money of British holders of Mexican bonds will not be utterly worthless. But considerations of such a kind as these are hardly within the scope of a story-book like 'The Queen of the Savannah.' It certainly contains many hard, inexplicable words, which at least require a Spanish dictionary. And these difficulties are quite sufficient, without entering into those of political questions, when studying a volume of the "Railway Library."—"Cynthia Thorold" has not a very promising commencement. The events in the story turn on the ill-assorted marriage of a groom with the daughter of his master. Their son claims as heir-at-law to succeed to the family estate, to the exclusion of Cynthia Thorold. Eventually, by the help of a dream and an apparition, a will is found, and the heroine of the story comes into possession. But between the death of the former owner and her own assertion of her rights, she goes through many unlikely scenes, which are described with dash and spirit.

Six Weeks in Ireland. By a Templar. (Faithfull.)—In the summer of 1861 the Templar undertook a visit to Ireland. He begins his narrative in the New Road with the freaks of his cabman, continues it in the "spacious hall" of the North-Western terminus, dilates upon the movements of the porters and the "tall, graceful Peeler who waved him to the ticket-office," and records that, once in the carriage, he changed his hat for a cap. Then, the history states that the train started, and so he gets tediously to Dublin. Of course, the usual descriptive recapitulation follows,—streets, public buildings, cars; then, with a backward spring, we fall among the Danes, commanded by Sitricus, who fought a battle at Dublin with the Irish, in the year 917. In due course, manners, costumes, castle-balls, dinner-parties and pigs are lightly treated, and the Templar starts on his expedition in search of the picturesque. He congratulates himself that there were no ladies in the party, "though, as a rule, a lot of men together are particularly stupid. It always requires some of the charming daughters of Eve to make a party agreeable." Wicklow, Cork, Lismore, Blarney and Killybeg follow in authentic succession; but the writer's talk is invariably of the smallest, for he has, in reality, nothing to tell.

Our Church and our Country, from A.D. 62 to A.D. 1862. By the Rev. George Venables. (Wertheim & Co.)—In a tract professing to give an outline history of the Church from the earliest times, Mr. Venables indulges in a vigorous denunciation of Dissent. He exalts Convocation and advocates an increase of the Episcopacy. A controversial tone prevails throughout the narrative, which is "intended for and dedicated to the working-men of England."

Commercial and Industrial Manual for the French in England—[Annuaire Commercial et Industriel, &c.] By Alfred Hamonet. With a Plan of London. (Jeffer.)—The contents of this little volume have been carefully arranged. They consist of the names, occupations and addresses of all French persons actually established or domiciled in the United Kingdom; the tariffs of the two countries, with the treaties on which they are founded; a comparative table of money, weights and measures; information on the postal, telegraphic, omnibus, steamboat, railway and hackney-carriage services; and a large variety of details necessary

to be mastered by every Frenchman living or travelling in Great Britain. The Manual is compactly put together, and promises to be of considerable utility to French visitors, whether their purpose be business or relaxation.

The Contested Nationality: Russia and Poland—[La Nationalité Contestée, &c.] By V. de Porochine. (Trübner.)—M. de Porochine assumes that in the West of the Russian Empire two nationalities exist—a Russian and a Polish. Personifications of the great Slave race, Poland and Russia, they have something to do better than hating one another; and, as he thinks, the two nations, as nations, are not mutually hostile. He enters upon the long, receding range of historical citations and arguments to establish his view of a question still passionately debated by Continental writers, who have not yet ceased from assigning importance to the heroic Radime and Viatko, and to quote the events of the fourteenth century as bearing upon a problem which must be solved, if ever at all, by a people averting its eyes from the past, in full remembrance of its warnings, and fixing them steadily in strength and hope upon the future.

Handbook to the Industrial Department of the International Exhibition, 1862. By Robert Hunt. Vol. I. (Stanford.)—The Keeper of the Mining Records has given, in this first volume of his 'Handbook,' an example of what such a work ought to be. After briefly sketching the arrangement of the interior, he commences his survey of the articles exhibited with 'Class I. Mining, Quarrying, Metallurgy, and Mineral Products.' Extending over nearly a hundred pages, although it would nowhere admit of condensation, this enumeration of the objects of interest in a most important class deserves especial attention. It is no easy task for a writer to render a catalogue of mineral products easy reading; but Mr. Hunt has so contrived to arrange his facts in this chapter, that he renders highly entertaining the department of the Exhibition which has the fewest attractions for the general visitor. In his treatment of a very different division of industry,—“Class IV. Animal and Vegetable Substances used in Manufactures,”—the writer has, of course, more to say that is calculated to amuse an idle mind. Even Lord Dundreary, if he opened the 'Handbook' at Class IV. Sub-Class D, Perfumery, would read what is written about scented soaps, odours of tuberose and jasmine, dry perfumes and cosmetics, *crème de mauve*, and Mr. Rimmel's toilet vinegar:—"Perfumed soaps, which are included under this head, differ as soaps in no essential particulars beyond their purity, from those already described under their proper head. The popular impression is that perfumes are obtained by distillation, which, with regard to most flowers, is incorrect. The odours of tuberose, jasmine, acacia, orange-blossom, violet, jonquil, &c. are only to be obtained in their natural fragrance by the process of *enfleurage* and maceration. This process is based on a fact not generally known, namely, that pure grease, fat, butter, oil, has the power to absorb the odours of flowers, and to become perfumed when in contact with fragrant blossoms. Grease absorbs odour, as salt absorbs water from the atmosphere; then if such odorated grease be put into rectified spirit, the odour leaves the grease and enters the spirit. Nice, Cannes, and Grasse, in the South of France, are the present chief seats of this process, and there are annually scented there about 200,000 pounds of grease and oil. The manufacture of perfumery for home use, together with the quantity exported, involves a trade at the present time of more than a million sterling per annum, and which in a great measure is dependent on this 200,000 pounds of grease made in France. Now this scented fat is to the British perfumer, what raw cotton is to the Manchester spinner. Samples of grease, perfumed with jasmine, violet, rose, jonquil, orange-flower, and tuberose are exhibited by Messrs. Piesse & Lubin: also oils of the same flowers. The process of *enfleurage* and maceration may be described in few words. Greases thus perfumed were termed butters till within a period of the last twenty-five years, since which the word 'pomade' has been more generally adopted; we thus had violet butter, jasmine butter. In the Duchess of Grafton's account-book, 1765,

there are repeated entries, 'Orange Butter, 6s.' During the death of the flowers, 'when they with winter meet,' the makers of these butters, or pomades, employ their time in purifying the grease which is to be perfumed."—In such manner does Mr. Hunt amuse the readers for whom he sets forth a multitude of dry and unalluring facts. From a notice on the title-page, it appears that the 'Handbook' is published with "the Authority of Her Majesty's Commissioners, and is sold within the Building by their Sanction."

Of miscellaneous Pamphlets we have received:—*Observations on the Treatment of Convicts in Ireland, with some Remarks on the Same in England*, by Four Visiting Justices of the West Riding Prison at Wakefield (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.),—*On the Cosmical Features of Terrestrial Magnetism*, by Major-General E. Sabine (Taylor & Francis),—*The Rev. W. N. Molesworth's Plain Lectures on Astronomy* (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.),—*Dr. Hofmann's lecture On Mauve and Magenta* (Clowes),—*On the Zoology of Ancient Europe*, by A. Newton (Macmillan),—*Introduction to the Art of Laryngoscopy: a new Method of Diagnosing Diseases of the Throat and Larynx*, by Dr. Yearsley (Churchill),—*Patrick Miller and Steam Navigation*, a Letter to B. Woodcroft, Esq., vindicating the right of Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, to be regarded as the first inventor of practical steam navigation, by Major-General Miller (Whittingham & Wilkins),—*The American Struggle: an Appeal to the People of the North*, by Philo-Americanus (Wilson),—*Evidence of Admiral Boulez, C.B., taken before the Select Committee on the Board of Admiralty* (Ridgway),—*The Manners and Customs of the Parsees*, by Dadabhai Naoroji (Pearson & Son),—*New Magnetic Theory*, by Omega (Stidolph & Tanner),—and *Catalogue of the Victorian Exhibition, 1861* (Melbourne, Ferris).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Ainsworth's Eng. & Latin Dic., by Dymock, new ed. 8vo. 4/6 cl.
All the Year Round, conducted by Dickens, Vol. 7, royal 8vo. 5/6
Antrobus's Orator's Guide, post 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Bentley's (Rev. S.) Six Sermons on Prayer, 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Bickersteth (E. & F.), Memorials of, Doing & Suffering, n. ed. 3/6 cl.
Booby's Stamp Collector's Guide, 12mo. 3/6 swd.
Charles's Flax and its Products in Ireland, 8vo. 5/ cl.
Charles and Walter, 18mo. 1/ cl.
Child's Guide to Knowledge, by a Lady, 3rd ed. 18mo. 3/ hf.-bd.
Clark's Student's Handbook of Comparative Grammar, 8vo. 7/6
Collins's Basil, n. ed. 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Cruden's Concordance of Holy Scriptures, 20th ed. imp. 8vo. 10/6
De Quincy's Works, new ed. V. 8, Leaders in Literature, 8vo. 4/6
Dodd's Essays and Reviews, 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Documents Relating to the Act of Uniformity of 1662, 8vo. 6/ cl.
Examination Papers for the Civil Service of India, folio, 2/6 swd.
Grove's Correlation of Physical Forces, 4th ed. 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Hamilton's Analytical Latin Grammar, post 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Harriette Clifford, 12mo. 1/6 cl.
Haydn's Creation, edited by Novello, 1/ swd.
Holden's Follorum Silvula, Part I, with Notes, 2nd ed. 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Irving's (W.) Life & Letters, ed. by his Nephew, V. 2, post 8vo. 7/6
Lukis's Common Sense of the Water Cure, 8vo. 5/ cl.
Mann's Hester and I, new ed. 12mo. 5/ cl.
Nothing to Do, or the Influence of a Life, 18mo. 1/ cl.
Owen's Prince of Wales Cantata, with Music, roy. 8vo. 3/6 bds.
Price's Winter Climate of Menton, with Hints to Invalids, 3/ cl.
Reason Why, General Science, new ed. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Reid's The Maroon, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Scott's Waverley Novels, cheap ed. Vol. 9, 'Ivanhoe,' 8vo. 1/6
Shelley's History and Topography of Buckinghamshire, 8vo. 21/
Shelley Memorials, edit. by Lady Shelley, 2nd ed. post 8vo. 5/ cl.
Shilling Library, Archer's Madame Prudence, 8vo. 1/ swd.
Sixpenny Magazine, Vol. 3, 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Stanford's Paris Guide, new ed. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
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HISTORY IN THE STATE PAPERS.

IN THE Twenty-third Annual Report of the Deputy Keeper of Public Records, recently presented to Her Majesty, Mr. T. D. Hardy has raised, incidentally, a question on which there will always be some difference of opinion, even among those who have the highest claims to be heard. We have begun, as all readers know, to spend money on making the materials of our history accessible. The question on which men may differ is,—whether, in spending this money, we are securing, as a people living by the light of economical principles are bound to secure, the best attainable results at the least expenditure of means?

It is a trite remark to say that our State Papers are the richest in the world. They go back further than those of any other nation. They are more

copious than the records of any other country, excepting Spain. They cover a greater variety of interests, personal and political, than the papers preserved in any other State archives. Few men of intellect in our day will dispute the policy of opening up these mines of historical truth. Those few may be grouped into two distinct classes: those who object to facts as inconvenient and of little use in themselves; and those who have written books which may suffer damage from the progress of discovery. The first, the followers of Hume, are small in number, and may be left out of account. The latter are comparatively numerous, strong and influential. And a Lord of the Treasury or Chancellor of the Exchequer may sympathize with this latter class without submitting to be bound in his public action by their very natural fears. What writer likes to find himself superseded, or even supplanted? If Mr. Dyce has finished his 'Shakespeare,' who can expect him to approve of Mr. Collier's 'new facts'? When Mr. Carlyle's 'Cromwell' is gone from his hands finally, it would be absurd to fancy he will thank Mr. Bruce for matter upsetting his printed text. Is it in human nature for Mr. Froude to rejoice at the discoveries of Mr. Brewer? If the State Papers or any other papers are to upset my theory, debase my idol, and unmake my book,—better let them rot on their shelves, and die away into dust. Hume, who thought all facts, especially in history, merely idle detail, would have heard with serene complacency of the Rolls Offices and the Chapter House being burnt to the soil, and the documentary history of England there preserved having passed, like the Alexandrian Library, into flames.

It is theoretically conceivable that some living writers who have done their work, would bear the loss with equal philosophy. But of these we do not need to speak. No government will be guided by their susceptibilities. Men in power look forward, not backward. To them the past is past; yesterday is nothing, to-morrow everything. Only the living, onward opinion of the age will have weight with them, or should have weight. The fame of a few writers is as nothing compared with the interest of the public in knowing the truth.

On this question of how we may best arrive at the truth, there are some differences of opinion. Here, in the State Papers, lies the unedited history of England. How to get at it? Two plans are advocated. One party says to the Chancellor of the Exchequer—Print the whole: another party says—Print a Calendar. The first party says in effect, Calendars are useless. A Calendar is an abstract, a translation, a skeleton made by a single person, more or less incompetent,—with his own ideas of what is important and what is unimportant. In calendaring a long document, he must omit nine-tenths of the matter. How can we guess at what is left out? We all know what became of the stone which the wise builders had rejected. The art of calendaring is not an easy one to master. It is confessedly more difficult than that of making an index. Yet Mr. Panizzi and Mr. Jones have been trying for many years, with only small success, to make an index of printed books. There is no value and no safety except in original documents. To this, the other side feel that there is no reply beyond that of expediency. The argument is sound. If we could have our State Papers printed, we should all prefer it. The Americans were, until a year or so ago, doing this, and doing it very well. We have now on our floors a pile of volumes containing the various State histories, as these may be read in the legal and legislative records of the several sections of that country. But America is a very young country compared with England. Its records, printed in full, would scarcely reach a thousand octavo volumes, and might be ranged on the shelves of a cottage or a cabin. The magnificent dome of the British Museum would not hold the volumes which our unprinted records would fill. We are not aware that any attempt has ever been made to estimate the quantity of printing which would be required to make our historical papers accessible in the way in which the State records of New York have been made. We know that the following places are chock-full of papers:—the Rolls House; the Public Record Repository (first block);

the Roof of the Rolls Chapel; the Rolls Chapel Office; Offices No. 2, Rolls Yard; the late Cursitor's Office, No. 3, Rolls Yard; the First Floor of the House No. 4, Rolls Yard; the Premises No. 5, Rolls Yard; the Loft over the Engine House, Rolls Yard; No. 6, Chancery Lane; No. 7, Chancery Lane; No. 8, Chancery Lane; No. 9, Chancery Lane; No. 10, Chancery Lane; No. 11, Chancery Lane; No. 15, Chancery Lane (in part), the other portion being Offices belonging to the Master of the Rolls; No. 16, Chancery Lane; No. 17, Chancery Lane; No. 20, Chancery Lane; and the Stone Tower, north-west angle of Westminster Hall. These places are filled with the papers actually put away as historical records. An enormous quantity is in daily process of accruing to the common stock. How many volumes would they fill if printed in their full text, instead of in brief abstract? We refrain from guessing. But it becomes apparent, from this rough hint of the places occupied to repletion by our State Papers, that he would be a bold man who should seriously propose the needful expenditure to an English House of Commons.

In default, therefore, of what is theoretically the better plan, we are driven back on the Calendar. A fair Calendar of State Papers is possible, as any one may see who will open Mr. Brewer's Henry the Eighth, or Mr. Bruce's Charles the First; and we hope the Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury will persevere in their present scheme. The plan was not taken up lightly, nor do we imagine it will be lightly laid aside.

So early as the year 1800, a Select Committee of the House of Commons recommended that public Indexes and Calendars to the Records should be completed forthwith, either by the ordinary diligence of the persons usually employed for the purpose in each office, or, if necessary, by extra assistance provided at the public expense. Events delayed the plan, but it was never forgotten. For fifty years the Record Commission kept the matter alive. In 1836 another Select Committee of the House of Commons presented a Report on the duty of making Indexes to the State Papers. We quote a few words:—

"Your Committee finds that all the several Commissions have specified the same definite objects, and constantly set them forth in the same order, as if to indicate their relative importance. The object first specified is, 'to provide for the better arrangement and preservation of the Records of the Kingdom.' This is more fully expressed in the executory clause of every Commission, which enjoins the Commissioners 'to methodize, regulate and digest the records, rolls, instruments, books and papers, in any of our public offices and repositories, and to cause such of the said records, rolls, instruments, books and papers, as are decayed and in danger of being destroyed, to be bound and secured.' The next object is, with a view to providing for 'their more convenient use, to make Calendars and Indexes of any of the said records, rolls, instruments, books and papers.'" They add that, however, valuable it may be to print documents *in extenso*, "the object of paramount importance and earliest attention should be the rendering whatever of the contents of the Record Offices are to be preserved, thoroughly known, and accessible to the public."

This recommendation was adopted by the House of Commons, and was put into slow and partial progress in the various offices. It was not, however, until the accession of Sir John Romilly to the Rolls that the Report of the Select Committee became a reality. Sir John at once directed that the Calendars of the diplomatic documents, then preserved in the Record Office in the Tower of London, which had been some time in hand, should be prepared for publication. He gave directions for printing the Calendars of documents in the Queen's Remembrancer's Office and Augmentation Office, upon which officers had also been engaged for fifteen years. This was the true beginning of his task. Many difficulties had yet to be overcome. Rome was not built in a day, nor Mr. Lemon's Calendar printed in a year. It was not until the incorporation of the State Paper Department with the Public Record Office, in the year 1854, that the Master of the Rolls was enabled to accomplish his

design. He found that the officers in the department were not sufficient to calendar the documents in his custody, their attention being occupied by the business of the office. He applied to the Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury for assistance. He proposed that a certain number of competent persons, unconnected with the office, should be employed to co-operate with the officers of the establishment in the compilation of Calendars of the Diplomatic Papers, commencing with the reign of Henry the Eighth, the period at which the modern history of Europe may be said to commence, and to leave the portion anterior to that reign in the Record Repository to be calendared by the officers of the establishment, whenever they could be spared from the performance of the current business of the office.

The proposition was readily approved by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and a number of persons, including one lady, were appointed to the work. Our readers know how quietly, how steadily and efficiently, that labour has proceeded. With only one exception, the persons chosen have been eminently fitted for their task; and we venture to say that the whole reading and writing public are well satisfied with the results thus far obtained. Every Calendar which comes out has its own interest, its own revelations. Every department of history and biography is enriched from day to day by new discoveries. The life of this nation is being re-written for us, not at third hand, from the guesses of those who knew little and invented much, but from the original vouchers of all true history. We can repeat to-day, but with deeper emphasis, the words which we wrote four years ago—that these Calendars give us not only a new history of England, but the best history of England that has ever been written.

We do not think the value and curiosity of the State Papers can be shown in any way so strikingly as in the actual words of those who apply for permission to search them. Omitting all those applications which are described in general terms as "literary purposes" or "history of England," we give a column of particulars from this chapter of contemporary literary life. The subjects of inquiry include—

History of the hamlet of Hatcham, Deptford,—Accounts of Lientenants of the Tower of London,—Exchequer Papers connected with the Pension of Patrick Ruthven,—History of the Verney Family,—Topographical inquiries relative to the county of Salop,—Domestic History of Royalty during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries,—Memoirs of the early settlers in Barbadoes,—Royal and Domestic Letters, illustrative of the Biographies of the Royal Line of Tudor,—History of the portraits of the Clarendon Family,—Early History of the Grenadier Guards,—History of the Judges of England,—History of the parish or church of St. Olave, Chichester,—History of Greenwich Hospital,—History of South Lynn, in the borough of King's Lynn,—Antiquities and ancient state of Islington,—The ancestors of the founders of New England, and their contemporaries,—Information relating to the family of Dufton,—To consult documents showing the connexion between Denmark and Ireland,—To see the Accounts of Edward the Sixth's Commissioners for the sale of chapels and chantries,—History of the parishes of Swyncombe and Ewelme, Oxfordshire,—History of the parishes of East and West Ham, Essex,—Documents relating to Arthur (sixth) Lord Balmerino, one of the rebel Lords of 1745-6,—Original Treaty between Portugal and England, dated 2nd of February 1571-2,—Historical Records made with anastatic ink, for publication,—Searches for documents connected with the Russell Family,—To search for a Charter relative to the Honour of Clun, and for other Records relating to the custom of Borough-English,—Domestic Architecture in the reigns of Edward the Third and Richard the Second,—Historical researches relating to the Bench of Bishops,—The Elucidation of the History of the Church in the South of Ireland, peculiarly of the Diocese of Ossory, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century,—The Constitution and History of Guernsey and its Dependencies,—Letters of Archbishop Laud, and Papers illustrative of his History,—To search the First Fruits' Records to trace the mortality among

the Clergy during the last 100 years.—Early Colonization of New England.—Information relative to the Commercial relations between St. Omer and England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.—Materials illustrative of the memoirs of Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria, wife of the Spanish Ambassador in London, temp. Henry the Eighth to Elizabeth.—Researches connected with the Military Architecture of Great Britain.—Memorial presented to the Treasury by William Paterson, respecting the National Debt, 1700 to 1717.—The names of the followers of James the Second, whose estates were forfeited under his Successor.—To search the Inquisitions post mortem relating to Wiltshire, and especially to the name of Darell of Littlecote.—Copies of Documents relating to Lord William Howard ("Belted Will"), and other members of the Howard Family.—To transcribe materials concerning Kett's Rebellion in Norfolk, 1549.—Copies of Documents relating to Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, natural son of Henry the Eighth.—Documents relating to Kett's Rebellion.—History of the Isle of Wight.—Documents concerning the Iron Works of Surrey, Sussex and Kent, temp. Eliz.—Addison's Official Letters.—To inspect Exchequer Documents for payments to Italians and others, in connexion with Art and Literature, 1685 to 1700.—To refer to State Papers relating to the Embassy of Mr. Wortley Montagu to Constantinople, 1716-17.—Life of Mary Queen of Scots.—Life of Fielding the Novelist.—To inspect, &c. Documents connected with the trial and execution of Dr. Storey and John Felton for treason, 1569-71.—Life of Sir Hugh Myddelton.—To inspect a Return respecting Jesuits in Warwickshire, 25th of September, 1592.—To inspect Domesday Book.—Biography of Lord Mayors of London.—History of Castle Cary, Somersetshire.—To inspect, &c. Papers in 'The Gunpowder Plot Book,' and State Papers, Domestic Series.—To inspect Documents, 1670-1720, relating to William Penn.—To copy Documents elucidating a boundary dispute between the provinces of New York and New Hampshire.—Cornish Rebellion of 1549.—Historical inquiries, especially for the Marriage Contract of Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby.—New edition of Lord Bacon's Works.—Information respecting Charles the First.—History of Poland, for the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland.—To consult Letters of Milton, to edit them for the Camden Society.—Names of Passengers in Emigrant Ships sailing from Plymouth to Plymouth, New England, in the middle of the seventeenth century.—To lithograph, in fac-simile, for Mr. Halliwell's folio edition of Shakespeare, two Documents dated 1600-1601, (1. The examination of Augustine Philipps; and, 2. The examination of Sir Gilly Meryke).—Letters relating to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.—State Papers relating to George Villiers Duke of Buckingham.—To inspect State Papers relating to Raleigh's Colony in Virginia, Correspondence with the Governor of Virginia, 1586, and the Irish and Military Papers.—Life of O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone.—Lives of Princes of Wales.—Templars' Accounts.—Letters of Speaker Lenthall, 1640.—Life of Dr. William Bedell, Bishop of Kilmore.—To inspect State Papers to ascertain the true line of Boundary between the State of Virginia and the States of Maryland, Tennessee and North Carolina.—To make fac-similes of the signatures of Elizabeth Cromwell and Henry Cromwell, 1660.—To inspect State Papers relating to Le Sueur and Fanelli, the Sculptors patronized by Charles the First.—Lives of Eminent Engineers in the reigns of the Stuarts.—Copies of Order of Secretary of State, dated the 1st of May, 1692, respecting Dr. Anderson's Pills.—Historical inquiries relating to Sir Francis Bacon.—Life and Times of Edward Marquis of Worcester.—Particulars relating to English Voyages and Discoveries during the sixteenth century.—History of the parish of Ormesby St. Margaret, Norfolk.—History of Hungary.—To transcribe certain drawings relating to Mary Queen of Scots.—To inspect an Ordinance of the time of the Commonwealth relating to the Government of the Navy.—Particulars relating to the family of Sir Philip Sydney.—To inspect State Papers relative to the Visit of Peter the Great to London in 1698, and the Cor-

respondence of the English Agents at Moscow, 1696-1712, for a History of the Russian Navy.—Information respecting the Prisoners confined in the Bastille during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth.

We think this list forms a real "curiosity of literature." And while we may safely infer that every student whose researches are recorded in the above list would have preferred a reference to a printed book, we may no less safely infer that in the absence of a printed copy of his original, he was grateful for such assistance in his labours as the careful Calendars prepared under the eyes of Sir John Romilly afford to the inquirer.

OUR NEW WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

THE Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider the practicability of adopting a Simple and Uniform System of Weights and Measures, with a view not only to the benefit of our internal trade, but to facilitate our trade and intercourse with foreign countries, have agreed to a Report. Avoiding some of the big phrases and useless matter which abound in all Parliamentary Papers, this Report stands in substance thus:—

The Committee have taken advantage of the International Exhibition, to obtain the opinions, and profit by the experience, of enlightened foreigners, at the head of whom may be placed M. Michel Chevalier; and have also examined men of science, merchants, manufacturers and working men belonging to our own country. They have sought for advocates of the existing system, but they have found it difficult to discover them.

France was the first country to adopt a uniform system. Louis the Sixteenth, at the recommendation of the Constituent Assembly, invited, by a decree, all the nations of Europe, and particularly the King of Great Britain, to confer respecting the adoption of an international system of weights and measures. No response being given to this invitation, France committed the consideration of the subject to some of the most learned men of the age, who devised what is called the Metric system; the most simple, convenient and scientific system of weights and measures in existence.

In this country a standard of uniformity existed before the Conquest. It was enacted in the time of Richard the First, and declared by Magna Charta, that there should be one weight and one measure throughout the realm. In more recent times, committees and commissions have been appointed to inquire into the practicability of introducing a more simple and uniform system of weights and measures, as well as a system of decimal coinage. Several acts have been passed for the purpose of enforcing or promoting uniformity, the last among the leading statutes being the 5 & 6 Will. 4. c. 63.

DISORDERS IN OUR WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Omitting many specific anomalies, we have no less than ten different systems of weights and measures, most of them established by law:—1. Grain, computed decimally, used for scientific purposes.—2. Troy weight, under 5 Geo. 4. c. 74. and 18 & 19 Vict. c. 72.—3. Troy ounce, with decimal multiples and divisions, called bullion weights, under 16 & 17 Vict. c. 29.—4. Bankers' weights, to weigh 10, 20, 30, 50, 100 and 200 sovereigns.—5. Apothecaries' weight.—6. Diamond weights and pearl weights, including carats.—7. Avoirdupois weight, under 5 Geo. 4. c. 74. and 18 & 19 Vict. c. 72.—8. Weights for hay and straw.—9. Wool weight, using as factors, 2, 3, 7, 13 and their multiples.—10. Coal weights, decimal, under 1 & 2 Will. 4. c. 76. and 8 & 9 Vict. c. 101; Nos. 1, .5, .2, .1, .05, .025. We have also, in occasional scientific use, the weights of the Metric system. For measures of length, we have the ordinary inch, foot and yard. We have in cloth measure, yards, nails and ells. There are four different sorts of ells. For nautical purposes we have fathoms, knots, leagues and geographical miles differing from the common mile. The fathom of a man-of-war is 6 feet; of a merchant vessel, 5½ feet; of a fishing-smack, 5 feet. We have also the Scotch and Irish mile, and the Scotch and Irish acre. There are several sorts of acres in the United Kingdom, and

there are a great variety of roods. We have, in almost every trade, measures of length especially used in those trades: for the measurement of horses, we have the hand; shoemakers use sizes; and we are compelled to adopt gauges where the French use the *millimètre*. These gauges are entirely arbitrary. The custom of the trade is the only thing which would decide the question, in case of dispute. For measures of capacity, we have 20 different bushels; and we can scarcely tell what the hogshead means: for ale it is 54 gallons; for wine, 63. Pipes of wine vary in many ways; each sort of wine seems to claim the privilege of a different sort of pipe. For measures of weight, we have about 10 different stones: a stone of wool at Darlington is 18 lb.; a stone of flax at Downpatrick is 24 lb.; a stone of flax at Belfast is only 16½ lb.; but it is also at Belfast 24½ lb., having in one place two values. The hundredweight may mean 100 lb., 112 lb. or 120 lb. If you buy an ounce or pound of anything, you must inquire if it belongs to Dutch, troy or avoirdupois weight.

AGITATION FOR REFORM.

Our system of weights and measures being in this state of disorder and of darkness, a sudden light was thrown upon it, and the advantage of a common international system fully brought into view, by the Great Exhibition of 1851. The Jurors of that Exhibition experienced the greatest embarrassment from the various weights and measures used by the exhibitors of different countries. They could with difficulty arrive at any common standard. This induced the Society of Arts to petition the Treasury in favour of a uniform system. The same object was promoted by the Statistical Congress held at Brussels in 1853. When the Great Paris Exhibition of 1855 took place, the Jurors found themselves obstructed by similar impediments. The members of the international jury, on that occasion, issued an important declaration, recommending the adoption of a universal system of weights and measures. At the London meeting of the International Statistical Congress held in 1860, the Prince Consort used these words: "The different weights, measures and currencies in which different statistics are expressed, cause further difficulties and impediments; suggestions with regard to the removal of these have been made at former meetings, and will, no doubt, be renewed." All these occurrences led to repeated discussions at the Society of Arts and other institutions, respecting the best system of Weights and Measures. At these meetings the preponderance of opinion was strongly in favour of the Metric system, now becoming common to so many other nations. The Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, at their annual meeting in 1861, speaking as delegates on behalf of their various districts, and representing some of the most important towns in the country as well as various branches of industry, unanimously passed the following resolution: "It is highly desirable to adopt the Metric system which has been introduced into many European countries with great advantage, to the saving of time in trading and other accounts."

PROPOSED SYSTEMS.

There appear to be three modes of proceeding before us: to retain the present system; to create a separate decimal system of our own, distinct from that of other nations; or simply to adopt, in common with other countries, the Metric Decimal system. Scarcely any witness examined by your Committee has defended the present system. Even apart from the anomaly of using so many weights and measures, that system has been condemned as cumbersome and inconvenient. The units are founded on no natural basis. They are not decimally related to each other. Their multiples and divisors follow no given ratio: and the best proof of their insufficiency for all the practical purposes of life is found in the adoption of so many systems better suited to their wants, by different classes of the people. The superiority of a decimal system has long been acknowledged. Our engineers have, for a considerable time, made use of one. The decimal measuring-chain and decimal levelling-staff are instruments familiar to them. Insurance companies have long employed decimals. The Equi-

table Insurance Company have kept their ledger on the *pound and mil* system for a hundred years. But it would involve almost as much difficulty to create a special decimal system of our own as simply to adopt the Metric decimal system in common with other nations; and if we did so create a special national system, we should, in all likelihood, have to change it again in a few years, as the commerce and intercourse between nations increased, into an international one.

These and other considerations invite our attention to the Metric system. That system is ready-made to our hands. It is complete and homogeneous in all its parts, and perfectly decimal in its multiples and divisors; it is becoming more and more an international system, at once benefiting and uniting the countries which have adopted it; by whose experience we can be guided if we choose to follow in their path.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

It is generally known that the French Metric system has the *mètre* (the unit of length) for its basis. The *litre* (the unit of capacity) is derived from the tenth part of the *mètre* (the *décimètre*) by cubing it. The *gramme* (the unit of weight) is derived from a hundredth part of the *mètre* (the *centimètre*) by cubing it also, and filling it with water of a given temperature. The multiples of the several units are expressed by Greek numerals, the divisors by Latin numerals. The French coinage is based on the unit of weight, the *gramme*; the *franc* being equal to five *grammes*; thus the whole system, not only of Weights and Measures, but of coins also, is connected, and rests upon the *mètre*; which is now a practically established standard, originally based on the ten-millionth part of the distance from the Equator to the Pole.

The countries in which the Metric system has been, or is being, introduced, are—France, Holland, Belgium, Sardinia and Tuscany, (beyond which countries it is now extending to the whole Kingdom of Italy), Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Greece, and several countries of South America. The German Zollverein is accepting the *mètre* instead of the foot, as its basis of length, and the half kilogramme as the basis of weight. The Hanse Towns have also adopted the half kilogramme. Russia has intimated its readiness to follow in the same direction. It appears also that the Metric system is gradually advancing in England.

It is remarkable that the foreign witnesses concur in stating, that no nation which has adopted the Metric system has failed to derive the greatest benefit from such adoption, or, after adoption, has shown any desire to abandon it.

ADVANTAGES OF THE METRIC SYSTEM TO COMMERCE.

The certainty and precision which commerce (though more especially international commerce) would derive from uniformity are another obvious advantage of the Metric system. Mr. Dickson, a Scotch gentleman, a large manufacturer, emigrated during thirty years at Dunkirk, ascribes his early success in France to his use of the *mètre* as a uniform measure, having a clear and definite meaning. While others were using the ill-defined measures of the older system, he thus gave to his transactions that certainty which simplifies and accelerates commercial dealings. Mr. Henley, M.P., justly observes, that the continuous extension of internal communication by means of railways increases the necessity for uniform terms in trade; since, as intercourse expands, it becomes more and more necessary that traders from distant parts should clearly and readily understand terms which are employed.

In machine-making the adoption of a decimal, but especially of the Metric, system, is stated to be of great importance. The superiority of British machinery (says Mr. Fairbairn) is established by the results of the International Exhibition. As its construction becomes finer, accuracy in small measures becomes more and more necessary. "The demand for our manufacture of machinery" (says Mr. Crosley, a civil engineer) "would extend much more if an international system were adopted." Some of our machine-makers have adopted the Metric system. Mr. Fairbairn states that "it works very well." He adds, that "when the decimal system has once been used in a

machine-making establishment, he never knew an instance of its being given up. It will ultimately be introduced into all mechanical operations. The Metric system is, of all he knows, the best." The necessity for the application of decimals to minute admeasurement is shown by Mr. Anderson in his account of the formation of Armstrong guns. "The *millimètre*," says Mr. Siemens, "is used extensively in France, and is an exceedingly convenient measure as a unit in mechanical construction. It induces greater precision in measurement." Mr. Crosley applies the same observation to the construction of locomotive engines and to the railway gauge.

THE METRIC SYSTEM AND EDUCATION.

Economy of time in education is one of the beneficial results of the Metric system. While the study of English weights and measures is laborious and repulsive to both teacher and pupil, any one can easily master the Metric system. "Comparing the English system of calculation with the decimal," says M. Lonsort, "I think the difficulty of the English system is as great as it would be to make a calculation in the old Roman figures." The Metric system is soon learnt; "any person," says Mr. Fellows, "in a quarter or in half an hour would be able to master the whole Metric system." The time which the use of a decimal system would save in education has been generally stated (on the authority of schoolmasters) to be at least a year. Mr. Mumford, late certificated Master of the British School at Highgate, describes the readiness and interest with which children have acquired it. Dr. Ihne, of the University of Bonn, conductor of a large school at Liverpool, finds his pupils, especially foreign boys, "repelled and annoyed" by the English system of weights and measures, and his teachers also: he states that it requires considerably more time to learn; so that a boy is prevented from ever attaining the higher position of knowledge, which he might otherwise reach, by this preliminary barrier of arithmetic. "The waste of time," says the Rev. Alfred Barrett (a clergyman extensively engaged in education), "to junior pupils in learning the tables of weights and measures is immense." He describes the work of education in the French military academies as "much higher and more forward than ours," and traces the cause to the time of juvenile pupils being lost in their wanderings through the mazes of our arithmetical system. That eminent mathematician, Prof. De Morgan, thinks that "the whole time devoted to arithmetical education might, by adopting the decimal system, be reduced by one-half, or probably more."—"Its adoption," says Dr. Farr (Superintendent of the Statistical Department in the General Register Office), "would get rid of all compound rules of arithmetic; it would make calculations simple and mechanical. Decimal logarithms are calculated and printed by machinery; with the vulgar fractions of our common arithmetic, this could not be done." Your Committee examined, on this part of the subject, more than one working man. There is abundant testimony to the ease with which working men acquire the Metric system. Mr. Dickson, already referred to, says: "In the works I carry on" (at Dunkirk) "I employ about one thousand persons. I have had frequently a great many overseers from Scotland; they come not knowing the French language, far less the weights and measures, or the money, but they very soon get acquainted with the Metric system." Mr. Richard Wyse has been in the employment of Mr. Brassey, as a mechanic, twenty-five years; he has been engaged on railways in France, Belgium and Savoy. He states that he very soon understood the Metric scale, and found it much easier to comprehend than the English scale of yards, feet and inches. "The English workmen," he says, "get the weights very quickly." He is asked, "How long do you think it would take them?" His answer is, "A fortnight, or a month at furthest. All the workmen I ever had anything to do with prefer the French method to the English."

ADVANCE OF THE METRIC SYSTEM IN ENGLAND.

The Registrar-General makes use of decimals, and they are about to be introduced into the

Statistical Department of the Board of Trade. The pupils of the London University make their calculations by the *gramme*. Prof. Miller, of Cambridge, is asked, "How long has the Metric system been introduced in scientific operations?" He answers, "As long as I can remember. I should think that, since the year 1836, no chemist ever made use of weights which were not decimally divided." Mr. Graham, Master of the Mint, states that "the divisions of the Metric system form a sort of common language for scientific men; and that where it is not used in English scientific papers," those papers remain unnoticed in France. He adds, that it is also beginning to find a place in elementary scientific works in England.

After full and careful consideration of the evidence, your Committee have arrived at a unanimous conclusion, that the best course to adopt is, cautiously but steadily, to introduce the Metric system into this country.

They therefore recommend—

1. That the use of the Metric system be rendered legal. No compulsory measures should be resorted to until they are sanctioned by the general conviction of the public.

2. That a Department of Weights and Measures be established in connexion with the Board of Trade. It would thus become subordinate to the Government, and responsible to Parliament. To it should be intrusted the conservation and verification of the standards, the superintendence of Inspectors, and the general duties incident to such a department. It should also take such measures as may from time to time promote the use, and extend the knowledge of, the Metric system, in the departments of Government, and among the people.

3. The Government should sanction the use of the Metric system (together with our present one) in the levying of the Customs duties; thus familiarizing it among our merchants and manufacturers, and giving facilities to foreign traders in their dealings with this country. Its use, combined with that of our own system, in Government contracts, has also been suggested.

4. The Metric system should form one of the subjects of examination in the Competitive Examinations of the Civil Service.

5. The *gramme* should be used as a weight for foreign letters and books at the Post Office.

6. The Committee of Council on Education should require the Metric system to be taught (as might easily be done by means of tables and diagrams) in all schools receiving grants of public money.

7. In the public Statistics of the country, quantities should be expressed in terms of the Metric system in juxtaposition with those of our own; as suggested by the International Statistical Congress.

8. In Private Bills before Parliament, the use of the Metric system should be allowed.

9. The only weights and measures in use should be the Metric and Imperial, until the Metric has been generally adopted.

10. The proviso in the 5 & 6 Will. 4. cap. 63. clause 6, should be repealed.

11. The Department which it is proposed to appoint should make an Annual Report to Parliament.

Your Committee feel it to be right to add that the evidence they have received tends to convince them that a decimal system of money should, as nearly as possible, accompany a decimal system of weights and measures. Both the foreign and English witnesses think the *maximum* of advantage cannot be attained without a combination of the two.

M. ERNEST RENAN'S APPEAL TO HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

M. Renan, whose removal from the Professorship of Hebrew in the College of France created a few months ago a great sensation among the opponents of intolerance and arbitrary power, has made an appeal to his colleagues of the Institut and the College of France. The persecution of which he has been the victim may prove to be one of those events which exercise a permanent influence upon free thought and the progress of religious liberty.

The circumstances, though recent, may be briefly recalled. As a philological, historical and philosophical inquirer, M. Renan ranks with the first names of the day. His speciality is Semitic erudition, in which, as his published works prove, he has few equals and probably no superior. That he wears the cross of the Legion of Honour is not so decisive a proof of his merits or capacity, as the fact that he has at different times been charged with important literary missions in Italy and Syria, and that he succeeded no less a celebrity than Augustin Thierry in the French Academy. An interesting association attached to his name is that he married the daughter of Henri, and niece of Ary Scheffer. The spiritual painter of 'Dante and Beatrice,' of 'St. Augustine and Monica,' would have illustrated his translation of the Book of Job, had not the lamented death of the artist arrested the execution of that admirable idea, the realization of which may not be possible again for centuries. M. Renan gave early proof that his spirit was not one which could rest at ease within the pale of orthodoxy, having on that avowed ground quitted the Seminary of St-Sulpice, where he was studying theology with a view to entering the priesthood. In his various articles and works he has without reserve stated his religious opinions, which are, no doubt, a wide divergence from established Christian formularies. On the nomination of the Professors of the College of France, he was appointed by the French Government, in January last, to the Chair of Hebrew, after long delay and hesitation, connected apparently with his peculiar opinions. The counsels of foreboding friends did not prevail upon him to omit the traditional ceremony of an inaugural lecture, which being of a more general kind than those of the ordinary course, and attended by a more numerous and popular audience, had its perils for a reputed heretic dealing with sacred topics, and surrounded by the pricked-up ears of a cabal of his adversaries. The presages of his friends were verified. He thought fit to speak of the Founder of Christianity, and dropped, in his very first Professorial flight, a feather which winged the shaft that brought him down. The Roman Catholic champions of orthodoxy used their influence with the Imperial Government successfully, and M. Renan was officially informed that, "having put forth doctrines injurious to Christian creeds," he was no longer the occupant of the Chair of Hebrew.

In 'La Chaire d'Hébreu au Collège de France' M. Renan states his case in the form of an explanation to his recent colleagues, the Professors who nominated him. The *brochure* is brief, but remarkable as well for its style as for the calm dignity of its protest against intolerant oppression, and is pervaded by a nobility of sentiment which inspires even those who repudiate his religious opinions with respect for the author. The chief points which he seeks to establish are—1. That the College of France, so far as religious creeds are concerned, is, according to the royal founder's intention, an absolutely neutral institution; that the Hebrew Professor's function is not theological, but scientific—not dogmatic, but historical and philosophical; that he is independent of all polemics, all controversy, all forms of faith;—2. That it was impossible, in his peculiar circumstances, for M. Renan to dispense with the inaugural lecture; that he had no choice of topic; that to have been interdicted in treating his topic from all notice of the Founder of Christianity, would have been to occupy the position of a botanist allowed to speak of the root, but not of the flower or fruit; that the terms which he used were justifiable even from a Christian point of view;—3. That as science can take no cognizance of the supernatural, this must be abstracted from religion whenever it is made a subject of investigation by the scientific historian; that the elimination of the miraculous from religion is not irreligious; that miracles are in all cases merely legendary.

So far as the French Government is concerned, the net results of the argument do not stand to its credit. It has unquestionably violated the principle of religious neutrality, upon which the College of France was founded. Further, it has stultified itself and stands between the horns of an awkward

dilemma; for either the original appointment of M. Renan was an ignorant blunder—seeing that his opinions had been again and again published—or the rescinding of it was a gross inconsistency. The least creditable part of the transaction is that the Government has allowed itself to be made the tool of intolerance, by yielding to a body which is horror-stricken at the idea of the books from which its dogmas are drawn being interpreted according to the laws of language and historical science. All this has added and will still further add force to the merely muttered utterance which the irrepressible demand for freedom of thought at present finds in France. On the other hand, it is quite consistent with the respect due to M. Renan, and with the sympathy which it is impossible not to feel for a man of genius who finds the career which he has fondly meditated and mapped out for himself abruptly and violently obstructed, to say that there are points in his case which are open to criticism, though they do not furnish the shadow of an apology for his deprivation. It is difficult to allow that the topics of his opening lecture were prescribed by so rigid a necessity that the snare into which he has fallen could not have been shunned. Nor will it be readily admitted even upon the hypothesis of an imperative obligation to speak of the Founder of Christianity, that it was impossible to choose less assailable terms. Was it absolutely incumbent to use the phrase "incomparable man," instead of "incomparable being" or "person," or even "character," which would have avoided the difficulty? Would any great philological object have been sacrificed? Would not impartiality towards creeds have been better consulted? A little reticence or discretion would have sufficed to tide him over the shoal upon which he stranded. He declares, indeed, that he has no taste for the petty artifices of tact, however compatible they may be with honesty. The sentiment is, no doubt, perfectly sincere and worthy of all admiration; but it is certain that he who casts aside all reserve and renounces all wisdom of the serpent will have but a thorny path. Neither is M. Renan's argument always conclusive. He defends himself by the example of St. Peter, who calls his Master "a man approved of God." But the plea is inadmissible. That apostle is considered by divines especially notable as the first who fully recognized the attribute of Divinity, which M. Renan denies. In ascribing humanity, therefore, the apostle intends only to designate one-half the person, M. Renan the whole. This makes all the difference. Again, he says, that to have spoken otherwise would have been to offend Jewish theology, which in a chair of Hebrew has a right to especial respect. Does this imply that, had he been speaking of the Plagues of Egypt, he would have been equally tender towards Jewish theology? If so, he must have violated his own principle, and recognized them as supernatural events. Further, while M. Renan's general conception of the relationship of the philologist, as such, to religion is perfectly clear, his application of it is somewhat inconsequential. The relationship is defined to be one of perfect neutrality. But then it is immediately observed, that whilst he would exceed his legitimate function in addressing himself to disprove the divine character of certain facts, he would be in his right position "in speaking of them as if he did not believe them to be divine." Now, it may fairly be submitted, that if he did so he would already have committed an infraction of neutrality. The divine character of a fact is not, strictly speaking, so much a question of the fact as of its efficient cause. Perfect neutrality on the part of the philologist would require him not to assume natural causes for facts, but to treat them in such a way as to leave it an open question whether they were brought about by natural or supernatural agency. If it be incumbent on the philologist in treating the language of a nation to assume any operative cause for the events of its history, it would seem reasonable that he should assume the cause which the nation itself assumed, because this is the one that would tell upon the language. A Professor of Hebrew, therefore, would have to assume a supernatural cause, not necessarily because he accepts it as the true one, but because the *Jews themselves* recognized in all the facts of their national and individual

life the direct operation of God's hand. The effect of this view upon their language is fully acknowledged by M. Renan, who says, in another work, that "the words 'crime,' 'chastisement,' 'pain,' 'suffering,' 'injustice,' 'misery,' are in Hebrew almost indistinguishable." It would, perhaps, not be an indefensible thesis to maintain that the affinity of philology and history is not such that the exposition of a language compels the expositor to take any view of the facts of its history other than that taken by those who spoke it.

Some persons vent heterodoxy or scepticism from vanity, affectation of singularity, and because it seems to imply independence and mental power. Others, more sincere, exhibit an ignoble restlessness and itch for utterance. M. Renan is as far as possible removed from either class. His case seems to be this:—Conscious that he was watched by enemies, who had asserted that he would never have the courage to avow his opinions, whilst they hoped that he might—firmly persuaded of the truth of his own principles, and entertaining a chivalrous and even a religious conception of the sacred obligation of sincerity, he was more candid than was expedient or wise—more so than he himself has succeeded in proving to have been necessary.

It is dangerous for the enemies of liberty to assail her in the persons of her most powerful representatives. M. Renan is a magnanimous, but not, therefore, a harmless foe. "I am not," he says, "so destitute of communication with the enlightened public that they who have demanded that silence should be imposed upon me should gain anything thereby. May they not be the losers in the matter! May they not have one day to regret that they have treated a loyal dissident as an enemy!"

The point of contact between the case of M. Renan and religious opinion in this country is the topic of miracles, which has recently been so much discussed. The observations of his pamphlet upon that subject may be recommended to the attention of theologians.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THERE is a question of prolonging the South Kensington season for a few days beyond the date originally fixed, and it is understood that Her Majesty's Commissioners are considering the subject. In their own interests, as well as in those of the public, we hope they will accede to a general desire. The first Great Exhibition, it is true, closed on the day originally named; but we are not aware that anybody thanked the Commissioners for their Spartan virtue. The French Exhibition of 1855, the Italian Exhibition of 1861, were both, at the common wish, kept open until November. The examples thus set, it will be, in our opinion, wise to follow. The harvest is a very late one; many persons who would like to come to London for the show may be unable to leave their farms and business until September is gone. The Commissioners may win not only a desirable surplus for themselves, but "golden opinions from all sorts of people" by adopting a resolution to keep open until the 1st of November.

An exhibition of Fruits is to take place at Vienna early in October, to which English growers have been invited to contribute. The Royal Horticultural Society have accepted the challenge, and will send over not only a magnificent display of English grapes and wall-fruit, but a deputation of eminent cultivators.

A wet, dark morning seemed to promise, on Wednesday, a regular "Horticultural day"; but the rain and cloud passed over in the afternoon, and a sunny sky, if not a dry sward, invited visitors to the September flower and fruit show. The collection was remarkably good, and the company, for September, pretty numerous.

The fourth of Mr. Collier's reprints is 'The Wyll of the Deyyll and Last Testament,' a whimsical effusion of the sixteenth century, only recently discovered in the Lambeth Library. It was printed, originally, by Humphrey Powell, a poet unknown to Ames, Herbert and Dibdin. Towards the close of that century, it was reprinted, with some wretched verses, by Richard Jones; and this new

edition was again privately reprinted in Edinburgh some forty years ago. In Topham Bowerbank's sale, it was assigned to George Gascoigne; a false idea, which was, however, adopted by the writer of an article in *The British Bibliographer*. The local allusions are curious: there we read of the apple-squires who attended frail women; of the great lawyers with their bags and girdings; of the tailor's many-coloured banner, made of pieces of cloth stolen from his customers. The latter is a common jest of the sixteenth century—in the *Jests of Piovano Arlotto*, the *Epigrams of Sir John Harrington*, and many subsequent collections. In 'The Will of the Devil,' a contemporary book is mentioned under the title of 'Heresy's Last Will and Testament.' Can any of our readers refer us to any existing copy of this work? Mr. Collier says he has never met with it, or with any other reference to it.

Mr. Edward Giovanelli, the proprietor of High-bury Barn, has announced, that in consequence of the accident to the Female Blondin he will not in future encourage such amusements in his gardens.

The President of the English Church Union has addressed a letter to the Lord Chamberlain, praying that, in the re-issue of the annual licences to the managers of the metropolitan theatres, his Lordship would re-introduce the clause prohibiting dramatic performances during Passion Week. The question was thoroughly argued last year, and there appears no valid reason why the decision then come to should in the least be altered. If the opening of the theatres during the week be really offensive to the religious sentiment of the public, the managers will soon find it out, and close them in self-defence. If not, justice to a large body of professional and other persons demands that they should not be annually deprived of a week's income, in obedience to the feelings of a few.

We quote from the public journals the latest example of Chancery success in "not doing it,"—one almost as infamous as the Southampton case, a few years since. About 200 years ago, a Thursday afternoon lectureship for the Church of All-hallows, Bread Street, was established by the will of Lady Middleton and Mr. Daniel Elliot; but, in consequence of a suit in Chancery, the income of the trust-fund has been absorbed to pay costs. These have now been discharged; and the Rev. J. Dix, rector of the church, has been appointed lecturer, and the lectures are to take place every Thursday, at 2 P.M.

The Report, which has just been printed, by the Inland Revenue Department deals, for the last time, with the paper duty. That "tax on knowledge," as its opponents called it, was abolished on the 1st of October, 1861. The stock of paper in the hands of wholesale dealers and stationers on that day was 62,387,089 lb., and the drawback which was paid to them amounted to 355,491*l.*; an allowance of the whole duty being granted where the paper had been charged since the 15th of May, and of 1*d.* per lb. where it had been charged before that time. This, however, was not the whole return of duty extracted from the Exchequer in consequence of the repeal; for between the 1st of April and the 1st of October there were exported on drawback 13,342,520 lb., on which the remittance of duty amounted to 90,159*l.*, or, in other words, in six months of the year 1861 the quantity exported was equal to the average quantity in twelve months in previous years. The reductions which the repeal enabled the Revenue Commissioners to make in their establishment amounted to 183 officers, with a total salary of 26,112*l.* In addition to this, there will be an annual saving of about 2,500*l.* for stationery, and for the stamps and labels that were used to denote the charge of duty on each separate ream or parcel of paper.

We have received the following note:—

"Bournemouth, Sept. 8, 1862.

"A few weeks ago, a correspondent of yours recommended a home-made Barometer—the following week another correspondent said he had tried it, but found the result to be directly the reverse of what your first correspondent stated. That is precisely what I find to be the case with the Hygrometer (that is, the dry and wet bulb ther-

mometer and Mr. Glaisher's tables), as far as locality is concerned. Thus, reckoning 100° for complete saturation, Scarborough shows 90 degrees of humidity and Cockermouth only 81; the rain in the former being 4.6 and in the latter 12.2 inches for the quarter ending June 30th; the days on which rain fell being 23 and 51 respectively. Truro shows 74°, and Worthing 83°. These figures are taken from the meteorological tables for last quarter, published by the Registrar-General. As all the world knows that the east of England is less humid than the west, and as those tables show the contrary, I consulted a doctor, a merchant, and a country gentleman; but they could throw no light upon them. The first referred me to the mould on blue pill as an infallible test of a humid climate—the second to the rust upon steel—the third to the state of his harness, remarking, that there was 'nothing like leather.' I have tried all these things, and although I find the movements of the Hygrometer to correspond with those indications in the place where I write, and to show the difference between a dry and a humid day with perfect accuracy, I find that the meteorological tables 100 miles to the westward show less humidity, and 100 miles to the eastward they also show more humidity. Can you explain it? B. H."

A German reader adds a note to Mr. Watts's communication on the history of German journals:—

"Bonn, August 27, 1862.

"Sir,—I should be obliged if you would allow me the honour of noting in your columns that the issue of periodical newspapers in Germany can be traced several years earlier than has been done by your learned Correspondent, Mr. Thomas Watts. A newspaper appeared at Nuremberg at intervals, when news of interest came to hand. We have one of these, dated 1529, entitled 'Neue Zeitung vom Türken, so ein gut Freund, der damit und dabei gewest ist, von Wien herausgegeben'; that is, 'Newspaper about the Turks, which a good friend who was present at the affair has forwarded from Vienna. See 'Studien und Kritiken der deutschen Journalistik. Kanau, 1838.'—Yours, &c.

"D. G. PENON, D.P."

"I fully agree with the writer of the paragraph respecting the new Triumphal Arch in Paris, as to the prudence of erecting a trial model in wood," says a Correspondent. "Permit me, however, to inform him that this precaution was not neglected in the case of the Hyde Park Corner abomination. A wooden model was duly elevated, execrated, caricatured by H. B. with Lord Melbourne at the foot as Leporello, and removed (as was vainly hoped) as an acknowledged failure. Of the manner in which the deed was finally consummated, I will say no more than that the 'Arch Duke,' as he now sits, serves as a monument of something far more discreditable to the English people than a mere fault in taste."

Herr C. Vogel von Vogelstein, court painter to the King of Saxony, has lately published three copper-plates, respectively illustrating the principal features of Goethe's *Faust*, the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, and the *Æneid* of Virgil, which in an accompanying dissertation he attempts to bring into a sort of connexion with each other. His intention is to furnish designs for the illuminated windows of some large public library; and the subjects are so arranged that a framework nearly similar will be fitted for them all, the incidents which severally form the starting-points of the three poems occupying a large central department, while their consequences are ranged in smaller divisions. Thus, *Faust* invoking the Spirit of the Earth is supposed to give the keynote to Goethe's drama; while Dante, sitting on the tomb of Beatrice, seeks for inspiration; and *Æneas* commences his adventures by carrying his father from the flaming Troy.

In Mr. Glaisher's hands the balloon is restored to its old rank of a philosophical agent. Gay-Lussac has only shown the men of science how to use the balloon for scientific purposes; and considering how much has been done in the way of scaling peaks for the same science, it is surprising that the balloon has not been more largely used. But Mr. Glaisher, by his successive ascents, is

adding largely to our knowledge of the higher regions of the atmosphere. Speaking of his own personal feelings in his last ascent, he says—"When we attained the height of two miles, at 1 h. 21 m., the temperature had fallen to the freezing point; we were three miles high at 1 h. 28 m., with a temperature of 18°; at 1 h. 39 m. we had reached four miles and the temperature was 8°; in ten minutes more we had reached the fifth mile, and the temperature of the air had passed below zero, and there read minus 2°; and at this point no dew was observed on Regnault's hygrometer when cooled down to minus 30°. Up to this time I had taken the observations with comfort. I had experienced no difficulty in breathing, while Mr. Coxwell, in consequence of the necessary exertion he had to make, had breathed with difficulty for some time. At 1 h. 51 m. the barometer read 11.05 inches, but which requires a subtractive correction of 0.25 inch, as found by comparison with Lord Wrottesley's standard barometer just before starting, both by his Lordship and myself, which would reduce it to 10.8 inches, or at a height of about 5½ miles. I read the dry bulb as minus 5°; in endeavouring to read the wet bulb I could not see the column of mercury. I rubbed my eyes, then took a lens, and also failed. I then tried to read the other instruments, and found I could not do so, nor could I see the hands of the watch. I asked Mr. Coxwell to help me, and he said he must go into the ring, and he would when he came down. I endeavoured to reach some brandy, which was lying on the table at about the distance of a foot from my hand, and found myself unable to do so. My sight became more dim; I looked at the barometer and saw it between 10 and 11 inches, and tried to record it, but I was unable to write. I then saw it at 10 inches, still decreasing fast, and just noted it in my book; its true reading, therefore, was at this time about 9½ inches, implying a height of about 5½ miles, as a change of an inch in the reading of the barometer at this elevation takes place on a change of height of about 2,500 feet. I felt I was losing all power, and endeavoured to rouse myself by struggling and shaking. I attempted to speak, and found I had lost the power. I attempted to look at the barometer again; my head fell on one side. I struggled, and got it right, and it fell on the other, and finally fell backwards. My arm, which had been resting on the table, fell down by my side. I saw Mr. Coxwell dimly in the ring. It became more misty, and finally dark, and I sank unconsciously as in sleep; this must have been about 1 h. 54 m. I then heard Mr. Coxwell say, 'What is the temperature? Take an observation; now try.' But I could neither see, move nor speak. I then heard him speak more emphatically, 'Take an observation; now do try.' I shortly afterwards opened my eyes, saw the instruments and Mr. Coxwell very dimly, and soon saw clearly, and said to Mr. Coxwell, 'I have been insensible'; and he replied, 'You have, and I nearly.' I recovered quickly, and Mr. Coxwell said, 'I have lost the use of my hands; give me some brandy to bathe them.' His hands were nearly black. I saw the temperature was still below zero, and the barometer reading 11 inches, but increasingly quickly. I resumed my observations at 2 h. 7 m., recording the barometer reading 11.53 inches, and the temperature minus 2°. I then found that the water in the vessel supplying the wet-bulb thermometer, which I had by frequent disturbances kept from freezing, was one solid mass of ice. Mr. Coxwell then told me that while in the ring he felt it piercingly cold, that hoar frost was all round the neck of the balloon, and on attempting to leave the ring he found his hands frozen, and he got down how he could; that he found me motionless, with a quiet and placid expression on the countenance. He spoke to me without eliciting a reply, and found I was insensible. He then said he felt insensibility was coming over himself; that he became anxious to open the valve; that his hands failed him; and that he seized the line between his teeth, and pulled the valve open until the balloon took a turn downwards. This act is quite characteristic of Mr. Coxwell. I have never yet seen him without a ready means of meeting every difficulty as it has arisen, with a

cool se perfect in his balloon noticed the fa but the aneroi attach If so inches respon minimi fortun and I On de it was as ver increa remark hand, charge throw its wi second round, third and it at fou a circl the b broug dead, its ne when After jerce three Wolve there would the ea ence. ascen anoth it is exist cold; all, w 11 in inform with

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cool self-possession that has always left my mind perfectly easy, and given to me every confidence in his judgment in the management of so large a balloon. On asking Mr. Coxwell whether he had noticed the temperature, he said he could not, as the faces of the instruments were all towards me; but that he had noticed that the centre of the aneroid barometer, its blue hand, and a rope attached to the car were in the same straight line. If so, the reading must have been between 7 and 8 inches. A height of six miles and a half corresponds to 8 inches. A delicate self-registering minimum thermometer reads minus 12°; but unfortunately I did not read it till I was out of the car, and I cannot say that its index was not disturbed. On descending, when the temperature rose to 17° it was remarked as warm, and at 24° it was noted as very warm. The temperature then gradually increased to 57° on reaching the earth. It was remarked that the sand was quite warm to the hand, and steam issued from it when it was discharged. Six pigeons were taken up. One was thrown out at the height of three miles; it extended its wings and dropped as a piece of paper. A second, at four miles, flew vigorously round and round, apparently taking a great dip each time. A third was thrown out between four and five miles, and it fell downwards. A fourth was thrown out at four miles when we were descending; it flew in a circle, and shortly after alighted on the top of the balloon. The two remaining pigeons were brought down to the ground; one was found to be dead, and the other (a carrier) had attached to its neck a note. It would not however leave, and when jerked off the finger returned to the hand. After a quarter of an hour it began to peck a piece of riband encircling its neck, and I then jerked it off my finger, and it flew round two or three times with vigour, and finally towards Wolverhampton. Not one, however, had returned there when I left on the afternoon of the 6th. It would seem from this ascent that five miles from the earth is very nearly the limit of human existence. It is possible, as the effect of each high ascent upon myself has been different, that on another occasion I might be able to go higher, and it is possible that some persons may be able to exist with less air and bear a greater degree of cold; but still I think that prudence would say to all, whenever the barometer reading falls as low as 11 inches, open the valve at once; the increased information to be obtained is not commensurate with the increased risk."

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—THE NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, including Ross Bonheur's Pictures, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s, which will also admit to view Frith's celebrated Picture of the Derby Day: Catalogues, 4d. MONT. SURVILLE, Sec.

THE DERBY DAY, by W. P. FRITH, R.A., is NOW ON VIEW at the UPPER GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—Admission, 1s, which will also admit to the French Exhibition.

HOLMAN HUNT'S great Picture, THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE, commenced in Jerusalem in 1864, is NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 108, New Bond Street.—Admission, 1s.

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY OF SKETCHES in OIL, from Subjects in "Punch," is open every day from Ten till Dusk, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—Admission, One Shilling.

BEDFORD'S PHOTOGRAPHS of the EAST, taken during the Tour in which, by command, he accompanied H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in Egypt, the Holy Land, and Syria, Constantinople, the Mediterranean, Athens, &c. EXHIBITING by permission, and Names of Subscribers reserved, at the GERMAN GALLERY, 108, New Bond Street, DAILY, from Ten till dusk.—Admission, One Shilling.

Will positively Close on the 23rd of September. FRITH'S celebrated Picture of THE RAILWAY STATION, NOW ON VIEW, daily, from Eleven to Six o'clock, at the Fine Art Gallery, 7, Haymarket, next door to the Haymarket Theatre.—Admission, One Shilling.

SCIENCE

The Dialect of Leeds and its Neighbourhood, illustrated by Conversations and Tales of Common Life, &c. To which are added, a Copious Glossary; Notices of the Various Antiquities, Manners, and Customs, and General Folk-Lore of the District. (J. R. Smith.)

THE tower which was to rear itself heavenward and be a beacon over the land of Shinar is the starting-point whence inquirers proceed in their

researches through diversities of dialect. We speedily learn in our progress that there was variety among the children of Eber, and that the lip of Canaan was of loftier utterance than the tongue of Ephraim. The latter tribe is the first on record distinguished by its inability to pronounce an aspirate,—as it found to its cost when the followers of Jephthah held the fords of the Jordan, and mercilessly cut down the vulgar Ephraimites, who alone of the tribes were incapable of uttering the aspirated *sh* in Shibboleth.

It would be as difficult to determine now whether the Hebrew of ancient Scripture is the dialect which Abraham took with him into Canaan or that which he found there, and which he adopted, as it would be to speak decisively of the merits of the first volume of travels ever written,—namely, that composed by the men who went away from Shiloh to describe the land, and who "described it by cities, in seven parts, in a book." The Hebrew language was, at all events, remarkable for its uniformity of type throughout a long period; but with the Captivity came corruption, and with the return from exile came amalgamation of tongues and a gradual dying-out of the "mother-speech." A hundred years before the Christian era, Hebrew, even as a written language, is said to have passed into disuse, and to have been displaced by the dialect known as the Syro-Chaldaic.

The Greek language is like a lyre of many strings, and each of them melodious. The Ionian dialect of Homer and Herodotus,—the Boeotian of Hesiod, Pindar and Corinna,—the Attic of Thucydides,—the Lesbian of Terpander, Alcæus and Sappho, are not provincial dialects, in our sense of the word, but special forms all fair, and special sounds all beautiful. The vitality of Greek is remarkable. During half the time man has been the lord or the slave of the earth, it has been a living language. It is still spoken at Athens, much modified, no doubt; but the oldest Greek authors present fewer difficulties to a modern Greek reader than our own most ancient poets do to those who try to comprehend them without a glossary.

The gradations in the seven hues of Iris are good illustrations of the gentle melting of the Greek style of one era into that of another. This may be seen and felt from Homer to Aristotle; and the arch of the language is all the more beautiful for it. "Though separated by so many ages," says Dr. Browne, in his "History of Classical Literature," "the contemporaries of Demosthenes could appreciate the beauties of Homer, and the Byzantines and early Christian fathers wrote and spoke the language of the ancient Greek philosophers." Further than this, we may notice that in 1451, ten years after Henry the Sixth had founded Eton College, "for seventy poor and indigent scholars," and two years before Constantinople was taken by the Turks, the Greek spoken in that capital by the educated people was, according to Philopellus, as dignified and elegant as that of the poets, orators, historians and philosophers of the best periods.

In Greece alone the Greek language has maintained itself. It has perished in all the once wealthy and populous colonies. Latin, on the other hand, as a spoken language—one, too, that was carried with the eagles to the limits of the world—exists nowhere, except in a very vitiated form in a remote district of Hungary. In the sixth century, that which saw St. Ethelbert, our first Christian king of the Saxon lineage, Latin had ceased to exist as a spoken language. At that time, the Greek of Justinian, the founder of the Digests, was as lively as that of any speaker in the proudest of the

early days of the Agora. Seven centuries and a half the Latin tongue wagged with life; half as many thousand has not silenced that of Greece. The whole literature of the latter may be enjoyed without difficulty by an Athenian gentleman of the present day; and an Athenian gentleman of the time of Aristophanes, or even of Callinus, whose odes are the oldest lyrics extant, would be able to enjoy the historical works lately published in Modern Greek by Spiridion Tricoupi. Not unfitly, as we remarked in reviewing those works (*Athen.* No. 1565), has the Phoenix been chosen as the symbol of the Greece of our epoch.

It is otherwise with the respective ancient and modern Roman. The former would not be helped, by a knowledge of Horace, to comprehend a single living Italian lyric; nor would the latter find the Venusian easy because the modern classical poets of his land were so to him. There is little in common, in fact, as many a critic has remarked, between Dante and Tasso on one side, and Virgil and Horace on the other.

The Greek accents are records of the care with which the proper pronunciation or intonation of the language was provided for, when negligence or ignorance placed the latter in peril. Yet the best of English and American Greek scholars, well versed in the small mystery of accents, excite something more than smiles at Athens when they attempt a Greek phrase according to the pronunciation in use at their respective universities. The assault on the ear is as great as if a polite sentence, fit for a London drawing-room, were uttered in the dialect of a man brought up between Leeds and Bradford. And yet, if not these Northern, some of our commonest words may be traceable, perhaps, to words brought over from beyond sea. The Umbrian *buf* is the parent of our "beef"; the Etruscan "*aracos*" in its first two syllables, probably, has furnished us with "hawk," as "lar," often so pronounced in our provincial dialects, has with "lord"; and perhaps "*slan*" with "son." From the Latin itself the cockney dialect may boast of having acquired its obnoxious use of the aspirate. Catullus has marked it in a classical gentleman:—

*Commoda dicebat, si quando commoda vellet
Dicere, et hincidius Arrius insidias, &c.*

Of our own ancient language and the various dialects which prevail where that once reigned, there is this, at least, to be said of the British, that it is still a living tongue. We in London are not indeed on as familiar terms with it as the modern Athenians with ancient Greek, but it has its own limits, within which the descendant of the pristine Celts will rather scornfully pronounce the words *dim Sassenach*, to let you know that they understand nothing of your abominable Saxon dialect.

Not only is the language which, as its professors proudly aver, is "at least as old as the aborigines of Great Britain," still spoken, but grammars and dictionaries and aboriginal story-books continue to be published and perused in the old tongue. A Kentish man of this day would be sorely puzzled if he were called upon to construe any British speech delivered by Cingetorix to his soldiers; and the most audacious of cockneys would confess himself incapable of interpreting that Cassibelaenus said, when that supreme chieftain, who had his home somewhere about Farringdon Street, heard of the defeat of the four little kings beyond the Thames. There are occasions, indeed, when we all speak British without being aware of it. *Pen-Zance* and *Holyhead* are wide apart, but the words are identical in signification. The words *cromlech* pass the lips of many who

are not aware that they mean "crooked stone." Our domestic word "skewer" is only a corrupt way of indicating a wooden pin made of the skew or elder tree; and the more familiar term "dad" was uttered by the children of Cadwallader when they respectfully addressed their "papa." How many young ladies, whose education costs their sires a hundred a year, could inform those suffering progenitors that "logan rock" was so called from the British word for "moving"? Could they guess why all the valleys they saw in their last year's Welsh excursion are called "nans"? Have they any idea when they speak of other young, or of old, ladies "tootling" to a piano accompaniment, they are vernacularly referring to the low sing-song sort of adoration once paid to the deity early imported into this island, and whose altars smoked from Tothill Fields, Westminster, to the Twt Hill, from which the traveller now looks down upon Caernarvon? Perhaps it is of no great importance whether we know when we are or are not speaking British, so that we are intelligible when we do speak. There was a time, however, when an enthusiastic Welsh lexicographer, Dr. John Davies, compiled a British Dictionary, and dedicated it to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles the First, with an intimation that if he was bound to make acquaintance with any language, it was "with the ancient language of this isle, now peculiar to their own Wales." The intimation was, of course, fruitless; and Charles probably never knew the aboriginal word for London, or could tell why Prince Owen was called "Owein Gwynedd."

Only a few weeks ago, a witness in the Court of Bankruptcy stated that, for a particular purpose, he had "waited over till Monday." Mr. Commissioner Fane was perplexed with phrase and accent; and on explanation being made that the witness came from Yorkshire, the Commissioner wonderingly asked, "Do they then speak another language in Yorkshire?" Mr. Fane subsequently reproved the witness for speaking "gibberish" when he used the Latin word "duplicate" for a pawn-ticket.

But while Latin words are taken up in general dialects, old English words which used to be recognized and sanctioned by polite circles, when the Duke of Norfolk lived near St. Mary Axe, are now considered vulgar. For instance, Southwell sings of a

Day full of dumps, nurse of unrest the night;
and on another occasion he speaks of songs
With doleful tunes for dumphish ears.

Dumps is a term which has fallen out of the poetical garland, and belongs exclusively to the popular dialect. In the Leeds dialect, it implies sulky melancholy. A man there "dumps v'daay throo." One said of a lass in the "dumps," "Shoo! coom rarrd nobbud lehr her aloain;" to which a neighbour answered, "Noan shoo; shuh's dumpy be naatur." The pronunciation here indicated is, probably, not very dissimilar to that which prevailed in the princely circles of Scandinavia. The word, however, was a very good English word, in good old English times, in sound prose as well as harmonious poetry. When John Fox narrates how Testwood, the Windsor chorister, was saved from the enmity of the Windsor canons, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, he closes the story by remarking, that "the canons were all stricken in a dumpy."

It requires some experience to enable a man to master the perversities of some of our provincialisms. In Lancashire, for instance, all "flies" are said to be "fles"; and the "fles" are called by a name which sounds very like "flies." So in Devonshire, there yet abound the sweet-toned "bards"; but they are not the thick-bearded, long-coated, light-harped poets

and minstrels of old. The Devonshire "bards" of this present time are the sparrows, thrushes—in short, "birds," as we should pronounce the name, but not as it was pronounced in the pleasant royal bowers at Athelney. Again, King Arthur, at Gloestingoorig and elsewhere, did not speak in the polished dialect provided for him in the Laureate's Idylls; and when Beohtric bade his knave "shut the gate," he probably said, "put this theyre yett too, woo't."

Shakspeare has slipped into a provincialism of which we are reminded by the last word in the above paragraph. "Noblest o'men," cries the loving, passionate Cleopatra to the fainting Antony, "Noblest o'men, woo't die?" Is this a "slip"? Or is it evidence that in the poet's days there were some at least of the old Anglo-Saxon echoes that had not yet become vulgar? In the present day, stage-dialects are themselves singular compounds. We may cite the droll attempts at "brogue," which resounded unmusically through such pieces as 'The Colleen Bawn' and 'Peep o' Day,' where any dialect but that of the locality is to be heard, save from one or two performers. This offence was more flagrant still in 'The Lily of Killarney,' where the speakers or singers seemed to emphasize their words for the especial purpose of rendering them as little Irish as possible. The Italian Opera furnishes similar examples when Italian is sung by French, German or English vocalists.

The Leeds dialect, like most others, on or off the stage, has suffered from foreign invasion. There may still be much in it of the Saxon times of Loidis, or of the period when the Scandinavian Raven brought terror with it to the banks of the Aire; but it is now a singularly harsh compound of sounds and phrases, to the making of which rural districts and neighbouring towns have been contributory, but have made of the same a dialect peculiar to Leeds. Not that many of the phrases, and perhaps the intonations, are not to be heard in other counties, but, taken generally, the English of Leeds is less like that of London than the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe was like that of Paris. The present exponent of this Yorkshire dialect illustrates his subject by dialogues, stories, letters and sermons, all of which are more or less amusing to those whose ears are familiar with this lusty Beotian. To the majority of our readers they would be unintelligible. For the edification of the latter, we must have recourse to the Glossary. For instance, under the word "Burn," we are told—

"BURN! An imprecation. 'Burn it!' 'Burn thuh!' 'Burn 'em! say I.' The 'say I,' we may just remark, is used in a different sense to what most readers will suppose,—that the word, or phrase, has been used with great reluctance. It is used as if to show what *could* be said by reason of great indignation, rather than that this may find full vent in the imprecation. We have heard those with high claims to personal piety, in moments when great wrath overcame them, give utterance to similar language, and, though aware of the crime, yet it was evidently regarded as greatly palliated by the affix 'say I.' 'Ord' is frequently prefixed to the phrase,—'Ord burn thuh!'"

In the last case, the introduction of *Ord* is only a cowardly way of getting over an infraction of the third commandment, as in the better-known instances of "'Od zounds" and "Oddsfish."—As explanatory of a custom, the following is of interest:—

"PITCHERINGS. When any young men meet with an acquaintance in company with his sweetheart, they put in their claim for 'pitcherings,' or for a sum of money to be given by the male, which is spent in ale, and the courtship is ever afterwards duly recognized. Should he be discovered again

with a fresh companion, the claim is renewed. 'Pitcherings, owd lad! pitcherings!' is the polite mode of putting it."

One instance of the folk-lore of the district may be added; there is stuff for a ballad of the old sort therein:—

"It appears that the notion or superstition—call it what you will (but don't forget the phenomena connected with the science of mesmerism)—of a mother's deep feelings having influence over her children, is not confined to the bodily state of existence of the child. If she frets and pines after the child after it is dead, it is said that it cannot rest, and it is believed that it will come back to earth again. The narrator of the following is a person in whom we should be slow to expect anything opposed to common sense, veracity and honour. She was the mother of the child alluded to. We give it in our own words. The child had recently died. The mother was ironing clothes one winter's evening, and in the house with her was her husband and her eldest son, when a knock was heard at the door. Said the husband, 'There's somebody knocking at t' door!' To which his wife replied, 'Then go see who it is.' Whereupon the son went; but, after looking well out into the rainy night, shut the door, saying there was nobody. The mother said she was sure that somebody knocked, and went herself, and looking out, saw a little child pacing the causeway in front of the door. 'It's our Willy!' she exclaimed. 'Let him come in, then,' said the husband. According to her statement, he had been seen by her once before, after his death, so that neither of them were astounded at what was then taking place. (The child, who had much of a gentle nature, died at nine years of age.) 'Willy, lad! come in!' she cried out; so the child came in, dressed, as she said, in a white or light-coloured garment, and she set him the little chair, which he had used as his own, by the fire-side, and proceeded to take off his wet shoes, and reached down another pair which belonged to him, that were hung up beneath the rafter. 'Mother,' he said, looking most earnestly at the clock, 'I've nobbut a quarter of an hour to stop!' and he kept his eyes fixed on the clock all the time he stayed. She asked him questions; amongst others, if it was a nice place where he was; to which he replied, with an emphatic movement of the head, 'It is that!' When the clock hand neared the quarter, he said, 'Now, mother, put me shoes on,' which she did; and as the hand lay full on the quarter he vanished, and she saw no more of him then. A short time after she was occupying her chamber at the period of her confinement, and he entered the room, with eyes deeply sunken, as if with much weeping, and face pale and worn. He approached the bed, and said, 'Mother, I can't rest if you will go on fretting.'—She replied, 'Well, lad, I wean't fret onny more.'—He then looked upon the bed, and said, 'Let's luke at it, mother!' She turned down the coverlets and let him look at her new-born babe. 'It'll du,' he said, and vanished. This is the account."

Books like the one before us are most useful contributions to the history of language, subserving many good purposes besides. We do not remember one more carefully compiled than this, which we now consign to the study of those who are curious in dialects.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
THURS. Zoological, 4.—General.

FINE ARTS

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

ART-DESIGNS.

THERE is hardly any branch of English mental industry which has received so much attention of late years as that of the so-called "Art-Design." The designation is a blunder, and of bad significance. To make a new distinction is to cast a slur upon the old production; and yet how unjust the inference so produced is, any man may see who will take the trouble to sum up, not only the value of the works produced by deceased English artists, of which the North-East Tran-

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sept Gallery contains abundant proofs, but take into consideration the intellectual rank held by many of the designers whose *chefs-d'œuvre* are therein comprised. The history of Art in England may find no unapt materials for one of its most important and interesting chapters in the productions here gathered, that have come from the hands of such men as Chantrey, Flaxman, Kent, Matthias Lock, Nollekens, Stothard and Pugin. No question of the wealth of England in such productions can be entertained for a moment; while it is instructive as well as interesting to the lover of Art to pass before example after example displaying profound ignorance of those canons and principles which have been eliminated from study, under the light of Nature.

These errors are beacon lights; and, admiring the exquisite feeling and delicacy of Stothard in such works as the *Design for a Candelabrum* (No. 2780), our satisfaction is rather due to the felicitousness of the execution—such as his perfectly trained hand must needs produce—than any applause an honest judgment can yield to the absurd pair of Highlanders who stand under a candlestick-bearing palm-tree. Likewise is the feeling of the critic to the broadly-grasped idea, ridiculous enough in itself, comprised in the great beaker supported on the rumps of eight Centaurs, No. 2801 (*Design for Silver-work, Centre-piece and Salver*), by the same. Beautiful as the execution may be, the fastidiousness of modern reason to which we now submit, in place of the whims and ignorant fancies of mere dilettante "taste," rejects these freaks. It is clear, from the examples, that none of the men we call the founders of the English school of applied Art had the slightest claim to that title, with the important exception of Flaxman. Stothard, to whom the rank has been awarded, evidently designed with the utmost whimsicality, and heeded nothing but the fancy of the hour. That he got beauty and delight for us out of the most incongruous subjects, affords more matter for regret that his triumph with such superb works as the *Wellington Shield*, seen well here in the *Detailed Drawings for the same* (2778-9), was not always as well founded. The extremity of elegance, which sometimes affects us as with a perception of weakness, in this artist's work, displays itself even here. Yet nothing can surpass the composition of the battle-subjects; nor have we seen anywhere the modern costume more admirably treated. This last point, it will be remembered, is that in which our English sculptors show incompetence more than in any other. What may be done with it this work shows.

We challenge the right of Stothard to be styled the founder of the English school in this manifestation, on the simple ground that he evidently did not subdue his own exuberant fancy to any law, and therefore can hardly be allowed to have given a law to others. Elegance, like Parmigiano's, carried to the pitch of unmanliness, drapes all he did: his very monuments—see that to *Pitt* (2795)—are like designs for jewelry, and do not evince perception of that extraordinary statesman's character. In examining such a design, we must bear in mind that the sculptor should take upon himself the office of critic, and, weighing well, display in his design a judgment of the man he carves. It is this elevation above the mere material of the theme that makes the monumental works of such men as Michael Angelo so impressive to us. Who shall say that those Roman groups do not signify more than the dull similitude now sought after can render? The old men made the statues their own, because, diving deep into the souls of those they memorialized, they presented an idea personified, such as every great man's life is—not vainly typified, be it noted, abstractedly, as in an allegory. Nothing but Stothard's manual skill keeps us from seeing his idea of Pitt to be that the "heaven-born" was only an elocutionist, and his figure fit for no better place than the top of a candelabrum.

Where grace and elegance, without distinct purpose, were only desirable, none have transcended Stothard. His *Designs for Silver-work* (2803), taken merely as examples, showing such wonderful tenderness of beauty (beauty of life self-conscious

of grace without vanity—this subtle point being a pure distinction of Stothard's mind from those of other men,) in the nymphs, boys, youths, who are Arcadians without a flaw, take a new loveliness even from the marvellous handling of the relief in execution at which they are set. The student will do well to consider this matter of relief as shown in the works of Stothard and Flaxman here. It is evidently one to which they gave an attention far beyond that now bestowed upon it. The *Design for a Frieze at Buckingham Palace* (2812), a crowd of figures, composed with astonishing felicity, shows what we owe to Stothard in matters of mere taste, and, even more powerfully, what we might have owed to his Art if less emasculated. Uncurbed by any principle, the Art of Stothard was Stothard's Art alone. He has presented to us little else than a dream of beauty—exquisite, indeed, as a perfect performer's music, but irrevocable and unfertile as that would be if its notes remained unwritten. Moreover, his exquisite grace of execution passed into popular acceptance many vulgarities of design, such as those alluded to, which have been reproduced infinitely, and may be remotely responsible for the hideous fooleries displayed in the modern testimonial-plate recently observed by us.

Stothard did much for the jewellers of his day, —a branch of Art in which he might claim to rival Cellini himself, peculiarly fitted to his mental capacity as it is, and lying under less stringent laws than that of the silversmith and sculptor, to which the examples before us are mainly restricted. Of these designs of his we see none here, and feel their absence to be a matter of sincere regret; for it is evident that art and taste are being zealously applied to this matter,—as an inspection of the jewelry counters in the Nave and South-Central Court will testify. Nor is it less evident that the public—i. e. the unprofessional—ideas on the subject are in urgent need of an authoritative exposition of that common-sense taste which should direct all its operations, and without some heed of which, the amazing barbarism of mounting antique gems for a caracant may be repeated,—as if these triumphs of ancient Art were as fitting to be so treated as are the African sea-shells by an oiled Hot-tentot. To the student and critic there is nothing in the whole Exhibition more deeply offensive. The splendid vase which M. Vechte designed to contain the Poniatowski gems, displaying them translucently, has been discovered to be a failure for that purpose:—a failure it well deserves to be; but one feels Art to be strangely misapplied in the attempt.

A far greater man was Flaxman, the single, robust, self-centred intellect that not only could act upon a principle well known and before studied by itself, but enlarge directly outwards from a centre of its own, and fill a whole century with perfect themes of beauty created by itself, not in copying, as is too often done now, but in really reviving the truest activities of Art. An intellect so masterful as this of Flaxman's is well worthy of a far deeper study than it has received amongst us. It is a thing of intense significance that he alone of English artists has succeeded in producing the spirit as well as the purest body of the antique, not copying the body merely, as too-much honoured Canova did, or abandoning himself to the mere style, as Mr. Gibson has done, but by his own native power producing the only sculptures or Art-works of any kind that an ancient Greek need not be ashamed his own nation's schools should be the models to. The student will feel greatly disappointed at not finding here more examples from this extraordinary genius's hands than the frames 2750, 2751, 2752 contain. The first comprises two frames of designs (*Designs for Silver-work*) of urns, vases, candelabra, &c., all of which are exquisitely beautiful, not all confined to antique styles, but containing specimens of what the great man could do in other phases of Art—some of them his own, and all so lovely that whatever other style they may follow is honoured by adoption. Flaxman, more perhaps than any other Art-genius of his kind, showed the fullness of that poetic power which distinguishes a genuine ability, inasmuch that whatever he touched was good. In any language he was a poet and a master of his Art. With him we need no associations to give dignity. If we look at the exquisite *Psyche*

standing on a Doric column in No. 2752 (*Designs for Silver-work, &c.*), we cannot fail to see how truly and natively Greek it is,—consider the composition of the reluctant, bashful lady and her two lovers that she has to decide between, and let us admit that this designer's power was universal. All observers should study the little candelabrum near this, for its exquisitely graceful form. No glass dish here to show the folly of the workman,—no elephants under Gothic arches, whose summit, by some outrageous freak, crops out with a platter stand; here is no toy made to show translucently the gems of antique Greece or Rome. Small as is the proportion of Flaxman's works here, it is enough to save the character of any nation in matters of Art, and, if out of all things known to us, we were called upon to designate that which might be chosen as representative, if all else were lost, of English Art, our choice would be some of these works of Flaxman's. Most artists will agree with us that they do indeed show as if there were "more in them" than aught else here, being more thought-producing than the mass.

These two designers, Flaxman and Stothard, have enough in them to distinguish any school with the stamp of originality. The minor and, in some cases, earlier members of the English school are only just seen by examples scanty in number, but sufficiently distinct to be characteristic at least of the mind of each. Thus we have Robert Adam, one of the "Adelphi" brothers,—ingenious Scotchmen, who were rather decorative builders than architects or artists. We can trace in the first of his works, *Design for a Capital to be called the British Order* (2731), the influence of the then recent discoveries of Porter at Persepolis in its lion-headed angles, reproducing the demi-bulls of the Chaldean architects. To put these in combination with a Corinthian shaft was surely no great effort of genius; yet the production caused great outcries of horror or admiration, according as people felt inclined. This is not the single example of an attempt to get up a "British Order": the glades of Windsor Park testify to the existence of a queer, crazy combination, so styled, of coupled, smooth-shafted columns rising from a single base, and having a single capital.—The *Design for a Chimney-piece* (2733), by Adam and Cipriani, is an early example of good feeling for Greek Art, and combines its colour, black and red, and form admirably, though rather to a funeral result.—J. Bacon's *Design for his own monument* (2734) is well worthy of notice.—Ornate Sir William Chambers is better represented, so far as numbers go, than supremely chaste Flaxman himself. Here is his *Design for Guilloche and Capital* (2739), for a *Ceiling* (2740), for an *Ever* (2742), and, what is perhaps most characteristic of all, *Model of Her Majesty's State Coach, the panels painted by Cipriani* (2744)—a most lumbering affair, that was well banished from the eyes of men. The subject being that, in theory at least, of a sort of National Chair of Glory, and comparable with the Golden Barge of Venice, is a noble one that might well be better illustrated than it is. The public mind, however, had a severe shock when it saw the last vehicular "Art Design," —a production of the Department of Art.

Chippendale's *Designs for Furniture* (2746) are curious, as illustrating the taste of his day.—Catton was truly a man of ability; see his *Design for a Candelabrum*, with a unicorn on its base (2736).—We may see how the architects of Soane's time, and none more than that very clever man himself, ran after mere frippery, in a *Design for the Interior Decoration of a Masonic Hall* (2754), Gandy and Soane. The state of architectural knowledge which existed in the days when Gandy could be made A.R.A. may be surmised from the queer, stiff example of mere churchwarden's Gothic, the *Design for a Chandelier* (2753), which may be advantageously compared with most of Pugin's designs, learned and excellent as these are. What earnestness Pugin threw into the consideration of his work may be seen in the elaborate, almost invariably beautiful, ever original and truly characteristic productions of that extraordinary man. He did all things with something worthy of admi-

ration. Here is an excellent *Design for a Portrait Frame* (2766). His *Designs for Metal-work* (2767-8), comprising Crosiers, are as fine as any Art application to the like purposes we have seen. The *Pilgrim's Bottle* in the latter frame is truly exquisite. We are glad to see that these designs pertain to Messrs. Hardman, of Birmingham, to the success of whose productions of Church-plate we can testify as far preferable to the art displayed in their stained glass. The designs of Matthias Lock are not to be passed over; in them we find the foundation of the singularly unfortunate and unbecoming taste for home furniture that is still in action. He seems to have set the character of modern taste in its existing direction. A worse model could hardly have been found, seeing that in its most remarkable productions it is little else than cumbrous *rococo*. *Rococo* in itself has oftentimes a fantastic spirit that almost excuses its contempt of common sense in Art, and redeems, to the eye at least, not a little of its freakishness; but the modern manifestation of *rococo* in furniture has the folly peculiar to the style, combined with that dullness to any sense of beauty which distinguishes the ordinary English upholsterer. Those who employed Kent to design the works—fireplaces, chimney-pieces, ceilings, furniture and the like—which appear here (2755-60), were well served, if a semi-classic elegance was their desire. These, not original, are at least free from the strange silliness manifested in the last-named examples. Amongst the productions of deceased British artists that are here, and worthy of notice, are Chantrey's models for the figures of *Kemble* and that of *Esculapius* (2745); Nollekens's *Models for Silver-work* (2764), and J. Pitts's *Design for the Shield of Æneas* (2765).

WORKS OF LIVING ARTISTS.

It is a significant thing enough that almost all the works here exhibited are the productions of persons connected with the schools of the Department of Science and Art, either as masters or as pupils. Consequently, there is an appearance of system, and even something of that opprobrium of artists, manner, in the mass before us. At any rate, the system is intelligible, and has most of the merits of order and definite purpose in it. If it be not often very elevated in aim, there is that safety in its intentions which is to be found, according to the proverb, in the middle way. The mannerism results from the weakness of the pupils, quite as often as from the bondage of a routine plan of instruction. If the genius developed by the same system appears hardly worth the pains of its cultivation, such is really very often the case; we find no signs of extreme disregard for the fitness of things, and neglect of the canons of good taste, such as some of the well-known "designers" display. For instance, Mr. J. Leighton makes a picture of his *Design for a Library Window* (2908), and at the same time a bad picture, upon a worse idea, of the nature of stained glass. This is a mere transparency. The same artist's *Designs for Tiles and Diapers* (2909) are in better taste; that for a *Tazza* (2910), is vulgar, heavy and commonplace. It would seem that of recent years some informing spirit had crept into the Department named, for, while we find no such signs of ignorance of current date of the same nature as that evinced in the window pointed out, there is a flagrant example of the like in Mr. Dyce's *Design for a Stained-glass Window in Alnwick Church* (2857). Mr. Dyce was, at the time this work was produced, a guiding star of this now-styled Department,—its proper title in those days we forget,—and the coloured cartoon, property of the said Department, seems hung here as a terror for evil-doers, it cannot be as an example of decorative art. An early example of "Art-manufacture" may be seen in No. 2831 (dated 1845-6), the property of Felix Summerly, Esq., by Mr. J. Bell. Of these a dragon candlestick is extremely good and capably felt, although its execution does much to redeem a slight crime against the rigidity of the law. Mr. J. Cund's *Design for a Silver Cup* (2848) is an excellent example, in the style of Cellini; the stem is rather heavy. The same cannot be justly said for Mr. A. J. Barrett's *Designs for Goodwood Cups* (2829), for in them is evidence that the artist could not

master the problem of rendering beauty, richness or grace out of simple and ultimate forms, such as decorative Art should supply herself from alone, but has weakly entered the province of sculpture to borrow his figures, which, however elegant in themselves, are unsuitably applied in this case.

There is such want of orderly arrangement in the works here hung, that the student finds a park-gate design next to that for a lace-flounce. Beer-jugs, book-cases and what-nots come in awkward juxtaposition, so that any attempt at arrangement of notes on our part will bewilder the reader in the mazes of the Catalogue. We therefore proceed as well as we may. Mr. H. H. Armstead has a claim to a prominent place in English opinions, as almost the most meritorious artist of his class amongst us. His designs are uniformly excellent,—we have had occasion before to refer to them when wrought in silver. His *Designs illustrating the History of the Shirley Family* (2824), an excellent subject by-the-by, are highly praiseworthy, and show care and thought in the battle compartments. At the same time, the actions are too still for the subjects, and may be compared with those by Stothard (2787). Mr. Armstead's *Designs for three Vases* (2825) do him credit. Mr. Macleise is one of our few distinguished artists who have applied themselves to Art-manufactures with that attention which they merit,—many painters of popular repute have indeed attempted the same, but their failure has manifested their want of sound ability in Art. With Mr. Macleise the case is otherwise. His *Designs for Ceramic ware—The Seven Ages of Man* (2919) are, although characteristically stiff, extremely beautiful. His *Design for a Cup* (2921) and for a *Bracelet* (2920) merit no less praise. Mr. D. Raimbach's *Design for Wrought-iron Gates* (2938), except so far as concerns the foolish little temple put upon the tops of the piers, are extremely good, and display knowledge and thought of the true character of metal-work—a thing, it would appear from innumerable examples before us, not always recollected. Mr. W. H. Rogers has a name amongst us for exquisitely careful and minute carvings in wood. He carries the imitative system of Gibbons to an extreme, and fully rivals that craftsman in finish, while he exceeds him in delicacy of feeling for form. As imitations, nothing can surpass these; but when we come to the question of Art, it is impossible to deny that in his elaborate and merely elegantly finished, not designed, *Royal Cradle* (2947), there is little else than *rococo*. Henry the Fifth's cradle, almost square box as it is, goes infinitely beyond this over-wrought gewgaw. Mr. N. Roskell's *Designs for Silver-work, Cups, &c.* (2948) are so exceedingly good, and answer the requirements of Art so fully, that we have pleasure in commending them to the visitor's attention. Mr. F. Smallfield's *Designs for Metal-work* (2961), three cups, are admirable for elegance and spirit, the handles especially worthy of note, seeing how often designers fail therein. His *Designs for a Jewel-cup* (2963) are hardly inferior.

Mr. Hugh Stannus is amongst the few who study the true character of design needful for metal-works. Hence his works here (2968, 2969, 2970, 2971), especially the first, *Design for Iron Gates*, are admirable in the constructive richness of their composition. Although not very novel, beyond the application of a large amount of black to an excellent result, Mr. Alfred Stevens's works, for Minton & Co., *Designs for a Majolica Vase* (2972), for a *Nevera Vase* (2973), and for *Printed and Enamelled Earthenware* (2974), are extremely characteristic of the work required, and merit full consideration from the public. The second has an exquisite festooned wreath upon it. The Sheffield School (Departmental) of Art has a very distinguished position as producing skilled designers. Messrs. Hugh Stannus—before named, H. Fish, Illston, W. Nicholson and G. Theaker are from that establishment. The *Design for a Chandelier* (2991), by the last, for bronze, with two rows of lights, is noteworthy, and a worthy contrast in taste with its neighbours, by Mr. J. Thomas, *Designs for Chimney-pieces, Vases, Mirrors, for China Panels in Her Majesty's Chamber, Windsor Castle*, and for *Iron Gates, Fountains, Monuments, &c.* (2992, 2993, 2994), all of which are in dubious

taste, being florid and saturated with sham sentiment of a commonplace order.

Of designing for lace-work many good examples may be seen, wherein the artist has evidently attended to the peculiar requirements in ornamentation. Mrs., or Miss, T. Smith's *Design for a Honiton Lace Flounce* (2964), comprising ivy leaves, shows a taste in decorating the article unknown to men. Mr. F. W. Andrew admirably illustrates the derivation of modern principles of design from conventionalized forms of nature in his *Drawings and Design for a Carpet* (2823).—Mrs., or Miss, S. M'Gregor's *Design in Honiton Lace Wall-Paper* (2917), although a little questionable in selection of style, is commendable. We rejoice in the great improvement of public taste in the matter of decorating glass for table purposes. The flashy "cutting," at one time so much in vogue, is happily confined to the cheaper classes of the manufacture, and may ultimately die out, with attempts, let us hope, to substitute a merely mechanical and thoughtless system of ornamentation for that which is intelligent and purposeful in Art. Mrs., or Miss, C. James is one of the few exhibitors of such work, but her *Designs for Table Glass* (2890) show the system of etching glass to excellent effect. The quiet elegance, repose, pure beauty of form and simple grace obtainable on the modern system of uncut glass may be seen in such works. Their beauty depends upon the knowledge of the designer in form alone, so employed as to display, without tawdriness, the pure, soft splendour of the material as it should be, untortured by cuts, slashes, eye-torturing stars and rings, which, diverting attention from the simple form of the object, attempt to excuse by the meretriciousness of the glitter its absence of true beauty. Pure, polished, elegantly-formed glass, relying upon its elegance and material alone, is ever preferable to etched glass however, which last may not be made less vulgar than the "cut" trinkets. Mr. T. Brown's *Designs for Centre-pieces, Cups, &c.* (2838), in precious metal, are large, bold, good and apt examples of the judicious introduction of figures in such works. Admitting great admiration for some of Mr. M. D. Wyatt's *Designs for Art-Industry* (3021), we really cannot accept his idea of a summer-house on wheels, which he styles a state railway-carriage. In nothing is there more need of reform than in the shapes of our vehicles. A Hansom cab might be made as elegant as it is strong; its rudimentary form, even as the coach-carpenters have produced it, shows this, and how nearly they have missed a fine thing. Our railway carriages, when not merely serviceable square boxes, are reproductions of the oddly-shaped stage-coach, where many elements of constructive strength, and therefore of beauty, were omitted for the sake of adherence to a primitive form. This primitive form, due to clumsy carpentry, led to the prevailing fashion in this matter, and, true to the conservative instincts of Englishmen, re-appears even in the first-class railway carriages of this day, where the round-bottomed coach type is indicated, "rudimentarily," as Prof. Owen might say, indicating its origin by the queer painting-device which suggests three stage-coaches knocked into one.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—M. Théodore Lejeune, who has long had the care of the national pictures of France, and who is the guardian of the Fould, Morny, and other galleries, after many years of severe labour, is at length about to issue his 'Theoretical and Practical Guide for Art Amateurs.' This extensive work reviews artists and their imitators of every school; contains analytical tables of the painters of all nations, fac-similes of artists' signatures and peculiar marks, and a review of the commercial value of the schools. We are glad to learn that before completing his labours, M. Lejeune journeyed to the International Exhibition, in order to complete and reconsider his estimate of the British School.

The church of Trentishoe, North Devon, is one of the most diminutive the student can meet with; like most of the churches of the district, it is situated in a picturesque spot. It contains some excellent wood-carvings, which, considering that the building is from the hands of some local

builder of old, are remarkable as signifying an Art-power to exist where it might not be expected. The carvings are of Decorated character, consisting of stall-fronts, without poppy-heads, executed with boldness and precision. Some of these show the well-known "napkin-pattern" at its earliest development, ere it became a distinguishing characteristic of Perpendicular or even Tudor work. The roof of the little aisle-less nave is barrel-shaped, divided into square panels by mouldings of wood of simple character. These last are painted with twisted bands of white and black on a red ground. The bosses, carved into faces or plain quatrefoil forms, are gilt. A whitewasher has smeared over much of the colour, but it might readily be uncovered. More mischief has been done by an ignorant plasterer, who, endeavouring to make the walls fair and smooth, has buried the greater portion of an elegantly-carved cornice of wood that completely surrounds the interior, and displays the true honesty of Art that sought beauty for its own sake in the utmost diversity of design. Here, in this out-of-the-way village, where none but the sparse population would see it, the carver has produced that which we now honour him for. There is no machine-like repetition of the simple ornament—a quatrefoil—that spaces out the cornice of oak. The plasterer has smothered up the work, but no doubt the local authorities will, when their attention is called to it, repair the blunder, by cleaning and varnishing the woodwork. We comment upon this with more earnestness inasmuch that its Art-spirit is not that of modern work, even when popularly reputed the best. Nothing in the International Exhibition has attracted more merited attention than the Hereford Screen and Corona, by Messrs. Skidmore & Co., which we select as an example of excellent character, subject to challenge of failure only from the cause now in question. Its panels, many of its detail ornaments, as capitals, bases, flowers and the like, are but cast repetitions of each other; this is the character of modern Art-work, wherein the machinist overrides the artist. The result may be cheaper; but it contains no more original design than constitutes its primary elements, and, as a work of Art, the cost of mechanical production is thrown away. A cheap thing that seems good, is too often preferred by us to that which is good.

The buildings named after Dr. Fell, the reason for disliking whom "none could tell," at Christ Church, Oxford, are in progress of demolition, together with the southern front of the Chaplain's Quadrangle. Sir John Deane, of Dublin, of the late firm of Deane & Woodward, known as the architects of the New Museums at Oxford and Dublin, is to erect a splendid range of rooms for the use of fifty undergraduates of Christ Church. The new building is Gothic in style, to be three hundred feet in length, and will cost 21,000*l*.

The Report on the South Kensington Museum states that Mr. Redgrave declares the condition of the pictures is all that can be desired; that gradually the whole of those in oil will be protected by glass. Most of those obnoxious to injury from their position near the spectator have been already so secured. Many paintings have been received on loan. Mr. Sheepshanks had added to his former gift Mr. Mulready's 'Mother and Child.' Mr. Round has presented a good Morland, and Mr. Vaughan a drawing by L. Clennell. Five water-colour paintings have been purchased. The Art collections have received important additions, especially from the Soltykoff Collection, amongst them the celebrated Gloucester Candelabrum, a most elaborate specimen of mediæval metal-work of the twelfth century; also a damaskened iron toilet mirror of Italian *cinq-cento* work, a *chaise en champlevé* enamel, enriched with ivory carvings of Rhenish-Byzantine work of the twelfth century. The new Courts have allowed a re-arrangement and considerable enlargement of the number of works shown, many having been suppressed hitherto, from want of room. The loans to the Museum have been numerous; the circulation of works has been greatly extended. No accidents have occurred to the articles so circulated, although they have been frequently of a very fragile description. The large collection of casts made for the use of

the carvers employed at the Houses of Parliament has been removed to South Kensington; it is 3,200 in number of articles: the most interesting have been arranged in a corridor for public inspection. The number of photographs issued during the year has been 8,584; the amount received, 715*l*. The educational collections have been much increased. The library has been visited by 4,525 readers. The Art library seems to be slowly falling into disuse, the daily average of visitors being constantly diminished for some years past. In 1861, 604,550 persons visited the Museum.

We are glad to learn that, notwithstanding the recent closing of the School of Art at Wolverhampton, there is a chance, through the energetic efforts and protests of a considerable number of its late students, fifty-eight in all, that it may be reinstated under a new system. It would be a thing of lamentable significance if, in a town of such extent, wherein an immense variety of handicrafts are carried on, not one of which is independent of Art-influences, and most of them specially needing their application, a school long maintained should cease to work.

The Birmingham Exhibition of Pictures opened on Monday last, the 8th instant.

Milton Abbey, Dorset, is to be restored by Mr. G. G. Scott, who has recently completed the restoration of the fine old church of Melbourne, Derby.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, Covent Garden, under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, Sole Lessees.—Arrangements for the Week. During the week the following Artists will appear:—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Madame Laura Baxter, Miss Sara Dobson (her third appearance on the English stage); and Mdlle. Parepa; Messrs. Santley, George Perren, H. Corri, John Rouse, W. H. Weiss and W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.—On Monday, September 15, and Friday, 19, Wallace's Grand Opera, entitled *LURLINE*. On Tuesday, September 16, Balfe's popular Opera, *THE ROSE OF CASTILE*. On Wednesday, September 17, Meyerbeer's grand Opera, *DINORAH*. On Thursday, September 18, Auber's popular Opera, *THE CROWN DIAMONDS*. On Saturday, September 20, Benedict's Romantic Opera, *THE LILY OF KILLARNEY*. Commence at Eight. Private Boxes, from 10*s*. 6*d*. to 4*s*. 4*d*.; Orchestra Stalls, 10*s*.; Dress Circle, 5*s*.; Upper Boxes, 4*s*.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 3*s*.; Pit, 2*s*. 6*d*.; Amphitheatre, 1*s*.—The Box-Office open daily from Ten till Five. No charge for Booking nor Fees to Box-keepers. No restriction to full Evening Dress.

ST. JAMES'S.—On Saturday a drama in two acts was produced,—a comedy by Mr. J. Maddison Morton, entitled 'She would and He would-n't.' This piece presents some rare, if not very new, features. It has a semi-supernatural interest, and Miss Clara St. Casse, as the gipsy *Zinetta*, deludes a young profligate into the belief that an old Marchioness, whom he has been compelled to marry, has, by the exhibition of an elixir, been made to recover her youth. Miss St. Casse is accommodated with two songs, composed by Mr. J. H. Tully, and which agreeably fill up the pauses of the action. The Marchioness herself is pleasingly and judiciously acted, in both phases of the character, by Miss Herbert; and the rake on whom her affections are so strangely set is played in a dashing manner by Mr. George Vining. There is also a vain and foppish antiquated minister of police, supported by Mr. F. Matthews, who aspires to the hand of the Marchioness, and whose humour serves to lighten the graver action of the drama. The scenery consists of two beautiful sets—the Palace of the Marchioness in Genoa, and her Summer-Palace at Giordano—the latter admirably painted, by Mr. F. Loyds.

OLYMPIC.—On Monday a new piece was produced, entitled 'Real and Ideal.' The wife of a Yorkshire hard-headed man, having been made romantic by the perusal of the *London Journal*, is exposed to the theatrical solicitations of a young lover, who is in the husband's confidence, and finds her position so uncomfortable that she gives up all notion of becoming a heroine. These characters are well supported by Mrs. St. Henry, Mr. Horace Wigan and Mr. H. Neville, to whose exertions the success of the piece is due.

STRAND.—A new version of the Dundreary story has been produced here, entitled 'Sam's Arrival,' and sub-named 'An Absurdity.' *Lord Dundreary* is the principal personage, the impersonation being confided to Mr. Belford, who hits off the character with admirable tact. The piece has been written

by Mr. Oxenford, who has founded it on the mystifications of Brother Sam's letter in 'Our American Cousin.' We have two candidates for the part of *Brother Sam*; and Lord Dundreary, not having seen his fraternal relative since boyhood, is unable to decide which is the real claimant. One of them, also, puzzles him extremely by referring to the statement in Sam's Haymarket letter, that he had been changed at nurse, and therefore argues the possibility of there being two Brother Sams. It turns out that the nurse is at hand for reference, one *Mrs. Fubbs* (Mrs. Manders), who, when appealed to, deposes that the child was a girl, and the substituted baby her own son. Then reels in the drunken *Abel Murdoch* (who had been supposed dead), and claims Mrs. Fubbs as his wife, and Lord Dundreary for his own son. The two adventurers who would usurp the character of Sam (who is really dead) are one *Pipkins* (Mr. J. Clarke) and one *Samuel Hoggins* (Mr. Turner). These impostors are candidates for the hand of Murdoch's niece, Bella, to whom Abel has willed fifty pounds on condition of her marrying Brother Sam. The entire plot is intentional nonsense, written with the evident purpose of introducing Mr. Belford into the character of Lord Dundreary, for which his personal qualifications eminently fit him. The actor was throughout greatly applauded, and, on the descent of the curtain, recalled to receive the further congratulations of the audience on his success.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—In these days of scarcity, the movements of the singers who can sing become of more consequence than they were in the time when Italy had enough and to spare of accomplished artists for all the opera world. Madame Charton-Demeur, who made so favourable an impression at the Italian Opera in Paris last spring, intends to winter in America, if not to remain there altogether. When Mdlle. Artot sang in England, she could but be rated as a scholar of high promise,—but whose performance even then put to shame the crude and incomplete execution of many a contemporary now accepted as a mistress of her art. Since then German critics (in whose acumen as regards vocal perfection no great trust is to be placed) have extolled her to the skies, as one who had nothing left to learn,—her position, especially in Berlin, that most critical of capitals, having been brilliant and assured. Chance has enabled us to test the soundness of this praise. It is sound. Mdlle. Artot is now almost a singer of the first class. No one of her standing in the profession is more complete, so musician-like, so highly finished, so equal to the execution, whether of serious or of light music. It would be more strange than creditable were one so thoroughly accomplished and satisfactory to be much longer overlooked by the managers of the choicest operahouses in Paris and London. A Correspondent speaks of a German voice at present under good teaching as something remarkable. "Fratllein Bramer," he writes, "has a mezzo-soprano voice of that sweet, even and exquisite quality with which I, at least, have not till now met among her countrywomen. Should her progress correspond with her natural powers, she ought ere long to possess that which is so seldom found with German singers—charm in no common degree."

The Gloucester Festival has been held during the week. Nothing worthy of comment for its musical result has occurred, and our readers will be content with a mere announcement of this fact.

The opinion of our Correspondent as to the doubtful success of the Shakespearian opera by M. Berlioz is confirmed on every side. The work, it is said, can hardly be represented in Paris unless grave modifications are made in it. The "Noc-turne," however, referred to with such praise, cannot be over-estimated, for a beauty and suavity in music almost approaching those of Shakespeare's exquisite moonlight scene in the fifth act of 'The Merchant of Venice.' The opera was only performed twice; but such is the way at Baden, since M. Reyer's 'Erostrate' (the second new opera produced there), described as weak and tedious in no common degree, has shared the same fate. It would seem hardly worth the trouble for composers

to write under such chances, even on the powerful argument of the *honorarium* of M. Benazet, who, moreover, gratuitously grants to his composers and authors rights of profit according to the fullest measure of Parisian law and liberality. The tale, as illustrating the profits of gambling and the money which its managers can afford to waste, should not be lost on those who are foolish enough to fancy that there is an *Eldorado* in the Black Forest!

There was to be a singing festival at Luxembourg on the first days of this month, mustering some six hundred singers.

The German library of modern musical literature increases more rapidly than ours. Dr. Marx has begun an elaborate work, having for subject Gluck and his influence on opera; Herr Rohl has published a study of 'Die Zauberflöte' (Frankfort, Sauerlander).

M. Meyerbeer is said by foreign journals to be actively engaged in the composition of a comic opera.

Herr Max Bach, of Munich, has undertaken to complete Herr Geibel's opera of 'Loreley,' begun, as all the world knows, by Mendelssohn.

The Italian Opera at Paris will open, as usual, on the 1st of next month; it is said with Flotow's 'Stradella.'

Mention has been already made of the vast works undertaken by M. Cavallé-Coll in reparation and augmentation of Cliquot's organ at St.-Sulpice, Paris, which long passed with the French as the *ne plus ultra* of organ-building, though on English ears it produced the effect of brassy, shrieking discord. The labour is at last completed, and the result is an enormous instrument, probably the largest in France. It has five rows of keys and a pedal-board, 100 stops, and upwards of 7,000 pipes,—thus surpassing Gabelaar's organ at Weingarten, each of whose 6,666 pipes cost the Fathers of the Monastery a dollar. According to M. Elwart's specification in the *Gazette Musicale*, every new mechanical contrivance to ease the touch and to multiply combinations almost infinitely has been carried to a point never before reached by M. Cavallé-Coll, who has, nevertheless, been long famous for ingenuity and contrivance in these essential matters.

MISCELLANEA

Rood-Screens.—Rood-screens may be said to be amongst the monsters of ecclesiology; introduced late, they gave much offence, and have even done so when employed by enthusiastic students in modern churches. They are amongst the most hated, and consequently most frequently destroyed, objects in the Puritan times, or those popular outbreaks the mischief of which is ever laid to the Puritans. When, therefore, we meet with a rood-screen of early eighteenth-century date, it is worth noticing, not only on account of the article's great rarity, but its anomalous position and character. Such an one will be found in Lynton Church, North Devon, a building of no architectural pretensions, indeed, like most of the churches in the neighbourhood, evidently the work of a local builder in the old (Decorated) times. The screen comprises a wretched pediment of the sham Classic fashion of "Anna's" reign, broken by a gap at its apex, heavily moulded and supported by the hideous turner's-work balustrades, like a footman's calves; beneath these are the ordinary panels of wainscot work, all in the most vulgar and ignorant taste. The question is, what could have led to the erection, or most probably re-erection, of this ugly thing, originally designed with "Popish" uses, at a time when "No Popery" was almost the national cry? Could it be mere exclusiveness in the House of God on the part of some local family occupying the chancel as its special pew, as is commonly the case to this day, and may have been brought into practice early after the Reformation? or was it long habit desiring to cure the apparent nakedness of a church where the iconoclasts had left the ancient rood-screen intact, which, when fallen to decay, made the whole look bare?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—C. A. W.—M. M.—M. G. C.—F. C. C.—Inquirer.—B. R.—W. L.—T. C.—H. L.—J. B. W.—J. H. R.—F.—H.—F.—S.—J. S.—J. W. W.—J. N.—received.

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